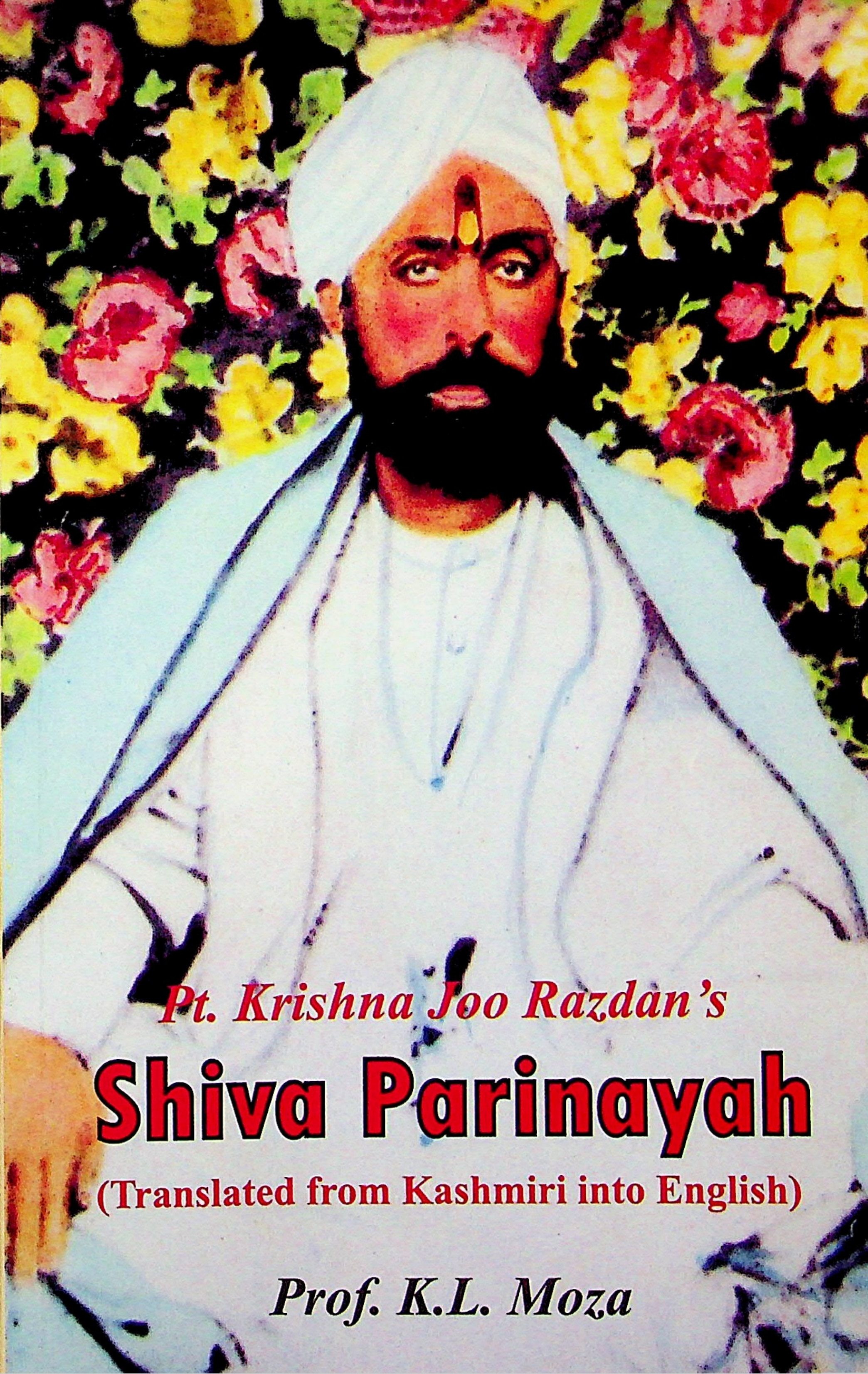


Pt. Krishna Joo Razdan's

Shiva Parinayah

(Translated from Kashmiri into English)

Prof. K.L. Moza

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By

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Clarification: This is not a complete translation of the full text of "Shiv Parinayah" as published by the Asiatic Society Kolkata with Sanskrit translation by Mahamahopadhyaha Mukundrama Sastri and edited by Sir George A. Grierson, K.C.I.E., Ph.D., D. Litt., LL.D., F.B.A.

B. L. Razdan

First impression 2013 - 1000 Copies

Price: ₹ 100

Printed at Spectrum Printing Press Pvt. Ltd., New Delhi-110 020

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FOREWORD

Translators have always trembled in their attempts to translate from one language into another. This has been more starkly true when the subject matter of the transaction is poetry. The reasons are not far to seek. "The beauties of poetry cannot be preserved", said Samuel Jhonson, "in any language except that in which it was originally written." This remark is true about kashmiri poetry as well and truer of Krishnajoo Razdan's poetry for the simple reason that the poetic formats and idioms of expression devised by him served as models for his contemporaries and followers alike, which, in a way, justifies the validity of the erudite critical opinion that Krishnajoo Razdan is a poets' poet. Instead of hurrying through narrative segments we observe him luxuriating in deliberate verbal stokes for conjuring up some captivating aspects of the nineteenth century kashmiri Hindus life. Evidently, it is not easy to translate the rhyming couplets and musical quatrains, the narration of which is ingratiating in the tracts where the poet adopts rhyming couplets embellished with sweet metaphors, similes, alliterations and assonances. In the circumstances, one shudders to imagine the arduousness of the task of translating his Kashmiri poems into English poetry while preserving the inimitable charm infused by the author by the clever use of Arabic, Persian, and Indian elements of the poetical language, each of which bears not only its simple meaning but also different accessory notions. That Professor K.L.Moza, who has several translations to his credit, was able to do precisely the same with comparative ease only speaks volumes not only about his mastery over English language, of which he is an acknowledged authority in his own right, but also of his profound scholarship of our sacred scriptures, erudition, and the fertile imagination that so activated the genius in him as to enable him to grasp the spirit of each Kashmir poem, nay, of each stanza of Krishanjoo Razdan's poetry into beautifully varnished and taut English couplets aimed at introducing the Kashmiri poet to the English world. Words fail us in expressing our gratitude to Prof. Moza for this invaluable favour. We can do no better than to offer him our reverential regards and pray for his long and healthy life to enable him to realize the stupendous goal he has set before himself. Amen!

B.L.Razdan

PREFACE

Pt. Krishna Joo Razdan, a celebrated saint poet, bedecked the literary firmament of Kashmir in the first half of the twentieth century. Impressed by his unique thematic and expressional excellence, Shri Mukund Ram Shastri translated his Shiva Parinae into Sanskrit. This was published by Asiatic Society, Calcutta with an introduction by Sir George Grierson. As classical lanagues are becoming obsolete all over the world, Sanskrit translation of Mahatma Razdan is losing charm for literary enthusiasts. Painfully anticipated by the prophetic bard a century ago, Kashmiri Hindu community today has suffered a diaspora. We are now scattered all over the globe. In fact the process of diaspora started about seven hundred years ago with the establishment of Muslim sovereign control over the valley. Descendants of Kashmiri Hindus now settled in foreign countries, hardly possess any knowledge of Kashmiri and Sanskrit. English today being global lingua franca, translation of Kashmiri Hindu literary luminaries into this language becomes imperative for retrieving them from threatening translation of Pt. Krishna Joo Razdan's Shiva Parinae into English. I am optimistic that this translation, introducing Kashmiri Hindu brethren to the unique thematic and expressional charm of the immortal bard, will sharpen their sense of literary appreciation. Besides it will enrich the content of Shiva lore in the consciousness of every individual reader.

Prof. K.L. Moza

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge my indebtedness to Shri B.L. Razdan I.R.S. (Director General of Income Tax) for suggesting to me to translate Pt. Krishna Joo Razdans Shiva Parinae into English for wider Kashmiri Hindu readership. Shri B.L. Razdan is a scion of the illustrious family of Razdans of Vanpooh, a village of scenic splendour sprawling to the right of J&K highway stretch between Anantnag and Quazigund. He encouraged my translation endeavour by arranging its publication by a reputed publishing house. The orduous task of computerizing the translated material was joyously undertaken by my brilliant ex-student Shri Amit Trakroo M.Sc (Physics) M.Phil who is discharging his duties as an Income Tax Officer in Income Tax Department. My son Col. Yudhishthir provided me serene atmosphere in his quarters in Delhi. Always delighted to render me personal service, he facilitated my translation effort. I entertain a deep sense of gratitude towards both Amit and Yudhishthir. I thank my wife Mrs. Mohini Dhar Moza for her contribution to the success of the translation project.

Prof. K.L. Moza

INTRODUCTION

Mahatma Razdan's Shiv-Parinayah opens with the devout bird's invocation of Ganesha and Mahesha for blessing him with poetic talent to narrate the story of Uma's union with Lord Rudhra. This manifests his obvious intention to follow epic tradition. But irresistibly the immortal bard deserts this pursuit and transcreates Shiv Mahapuran in the matrix of Kashmiri Hindu social life. This illustrates his tremendous fascination for Kashmiri Hindu manners fostered by captivating idyllic topographical surroundings. The poet experiences melodious comfortability in intertwining into his narrative fabric Kashmiri matrimonial rites and rituals cradled by bewitching physical ambience.

In the devotional lyric *Maha Ganpat Dhyan Daaryo*, Mahatma Razdan enjoins contemplation of the Onkar shaped omnipotent Lord Ganpati who destroying all kinds of adamantine impediments blesses an individual with scintillating success in all kinds of precarious ventures. Lord Ganpati, whose neck is bedecked with pearly necklaces, commands Lord Shiva's Rudra tegions. The forgiving lord renders succor to Indira when the latter's martial prowlss ebbs away in the flashing field of bloody encounter. Mahatma Razdan supplicates before bounteously merciful Lamboodar to grant him boon of salvation from life and death. He remembers the destruction caused in terrestrial waters by the lord with a robust trunk when Vishnu is not desirably respectful towards him. The ecstatic bard experiences overwhelmingly love for Lord Shiva's dear son who possessing only one tusk helps the supplicant out of engulfing miseries. On the lighting of sacrificial fires and the beginning of devotional chanting, Lord Ganpati, whose grotesque body is a representation of Onkara, is invoked before all other gods in Hindu pantheon for the successful completion of all religious rituals. Materialiged by her will the beneficent lord is a devout servitor of Param Shakti. Mahatma Razdan, comparing Lamboodar to the moon rising behind a mountain cliff, calls him the originator of all kinds of cosmic phenomena. The god with four arms, who dresses himself up in scarlet red garments, grants all cherished boons to the devout who surrender unconditionally at his feet. Mahatma Razdan longs for worshipping Lord Ganpati, the incarnate cosmic energy, at Ganpatyar. With four weapons in his four hands and fortified by the inspiring company of charming Vallabha, the dauntless lord destroys horrible demons and maleficent creatures. Mahatma Razdan prays to Lord Ganpati to eradicate our nescience with his



Ganeshji, Ganpatyaar, Srinagar, Kashmir

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single tusk, to destroy our sins with his axe and to calm down our anger with the help of his pestle and ploughshare. He longs for being steered across the terrestrial ocean along with all his brethren. This invocation written in melodious quatrains is embellished with rich Puranic allusions.

The invocation of Lord Ganpati is followed by supplication before Guru Maharaj. Mahatma Razdan's sad guru is none other than Lord Shiva himself. He prays for the experience of divine beatitude and enlightenment amidst the enveloping nescience. Overwhelmed by ignorance the devout bard has knowledge of the ways leading to the realization of Shiva. He prays for dispelling of his spiritual and intellectual blindness. The poet is convinced that he can shatter asunder trammels of cosmic illusion only by the grace of Shiva. It is Shiva alone who can disentangle ever choking shackles of lust, anger, avarice and attachment. The indulgence into evil deeds obliterates from a sinful person's view the splendorous prospects of contentment, thoughtfulness and holy discourses. The poet longs for the company of those people who realize God through beatific innocence. He prays to Lord Shiva for the quickening of his springs of spiritual bliss and the revelation of the abstruse wisdom enshrined in the Upanishads.

There is sufficient evidence in Shiv-Parinayah to justify a sensitive critic's conclusion that Mahatma Razdan composed this great narrative work in the prime of his youth. He has passed his childhood in frolicsome thoughtlessness; he prays for protection against the trammels of lust in his youth and he longs for the protection of his honour in his old age. He perpetually strives for his perfect establishment in the Brahmanand. The stream of pure meditative concentration overflows with yogic waters. The poet rigorously purifies his body. He seeks Lord Shiv's grace for the purification of his mind and spirit. In spite of leading a highly disciplined life, the animal propensities of an individual keep constantly popping up now and then. The poet desires being absolved of all sins leading to his complete merger into God. He desires to bloom like a lotus with the sharpening of his spiritual and intellectual perceptions.He prays for the realization of the eternal truth of the Advaita Vedantic monism. Razdan Sahib is convinced about the essential purity and innocence of man. It is gross ratiocination, denigrating the beatitude of faith, which dries up his springs of eternal bliss. He prays for decisive fortitude for entrusting himself completely to the will of God. With firm faith in his existence, he prays to Lord Shiva to shower

upon him all kinds of mundane and spiritual bounties. This is the content of the superb lyric *Sat Guru Havtam Ghatti Manz Ghaash.*

The Kashmiri scholars whose approach to literary criticism is superficially comparative and historical declare Pt.Mukund Ram the spiritual mentor of Mahatma Razdan. They over look the tremendous importance of the evidence which can be garnered from a work of leterary art. In Shiv-Parinayah, Mahatma Razdan is emphatic in his melodious assertion that Lord Shiva himself is his Sadd Guru.

After seeking blessings of Ganesha and Mahesha, Mahatma Razdan reproduces in melodious verse the story about the origion of Brahma Vishnu and Mahesh as enshrined in the Puranas. We learn from Shiv-Parinayah that Param Atma, the fountainhead of bliss, is the principal originator of cosmic illusion. Maya created by the will of Ishwara gives birth to Vishnu Bhagwan from whom originates Lord Brahma. The innumerable cities and provinces of the world, besides the cosmos in its entirety, spring forth from Brahma's will. Lord Brahma first of all, creates Dakshprajapati and tutors him in all kinds of worldly wisdom. He begets number of daughters including Uma. This devout information is communicated to the readers in the narrative fragment *Aum Namah Shivae Kar.* Mahatm Razdan considers those parents blessed who begat a daughter like Uma ,a charming embodiment of all sublime feminine virtues. He calls Dakshiprajapati brahmarishi, a towering figure among gods and a taporishi with unsurpassed elemental command. As the omniscient narrator Mahatma Razdan proceeds forward we learn that Uma is married to ash-besmeared Param Shiva who is the master of the entire cosmos. Uma Rudra in the form of Shiv and Shakti deserves devout salutations. With great love and affection Shiv and Shakti are united together in unbreakable wedlock. Under the auspicious stars Dakshprajapati marries the remaining twenty seven daughters off to Chandrama. Finding Shiv ji in close proximity to himself, Dakshprajapati enjoys a deep beatific experience. He implores the kind lord to lend ears to his supplication with rapt attention. Sharing one's joys with relations and neighbours culminates into the intensification of the experience. In the same manner the pinch of our sorrows gets mitigated through a voluble outpouring of lachrymose feelings. Mahatma Razdan is convinced by all his perceptual experience that Lord Shiva is intersuffused with all cosmic entities and he palpably permeates the mind and soul of man.

During the course of joyous matrimonial festivities Mahatma Razdan objectifies Dakshiprajapati's ecstasy in the lyric *Saavdaan Man Chhum Parmanand, Shiv-Nath Saanpnum Baandav to Bund*. The jubilant king experiences his being blooming like a lotus. Through the ritual of swayamvar, the ash-besmeared carrier of the Ganges on his head has married his daughter. He longs to feed him boiled rice, butter milk and sugar candy with great love and devotion. The impenetrable timeless mystery of Shiva, not to speak of the common mortals, is incomprehensible even to Lord Brahma and Lord Vishnu. The camphor-frame of Shiva exudes sense–benumbing poignant aroma. Mahatma Razdan exhorts readers to identify Lord Shiva with Jagat Ishwara, Param Atma, Brahma & Vishnu. He is the fountainhead of the Shastras, the Vedas and the mystery of Onkara. He can be realized through non-dualistic devotion. He purifies human mind and soul. He is realizable through the churning of Shastras. Incognito as Dakshprajapati, Mahatma Razdan exhorts readers to propitiate Lord Shiva with floral offerings and the performance of numerous deeds of devotion and love. He reveals his adamantine determination to propitiate Lord Shiva like Pushpadanta who composed thirty two quatrains of Mahimna Strotam along with the successive devotional offering of his teeth to the image of Lord Shiva created by him in the Gandharva cell of his confinement.

At this stage of the story of Shiva's nuptial union with Uma, Pt Krishan Joo Razdan bursts out into the scintillating lyric *'Achheposhe Gav Lachhinovuy Heth'* whch is one of the sublimest achievements in Kashmiri litrature. It is in the format of this lyric that Lala laxman has written Ganapati Gav Vollabhai Heth and Shaev Ji Gov Shevaae Heth. Mahatma Razdan, the poet, has profoundly influenced numerous contemporary Kashmiri poets and those who followed him. They freely borrowed from him poetic techniques and idioms of expression.The great master of poetic craft has served down the decades as a unique model to imitate. He can be justifiably called the poet's poet.

From *Acchhieposhe Gav Lachhinovuy Heth*, we learn that at the end of all marriage festivities Lord Shiva carries away Param Shakti. The poet calls Shiva a mountain cliff supporting the crescent moon in dark fortnight. For him Shiva is Lachhinov and Uma is Achhe Poshe. With the union of Shiva and Shakti the entire cosmos blossoms like a lotus and Spring stalks the terrestrial surface. The poet calls Parvati Arni Poshe and Lord Shiva is Neov.

Like a typical Kashmiri Hindu bridegroom, Lord Shiva leaves Dakshprajapati's splendrous palace after seeking blessings of Uma's parents. Mahatma Razdan calls ShivNath Golab and Uma is Aarwal. He is ecstatic at their complete dissolution into each other. For him Lord Shiva is Sumbul and Uma is Yemberzal, the entire Being of Sumbul is suffused with the hiss of Yemberzal. He enjoys glorious visions of Uma Rudra and implores him to remain seated in his heart which is as pure and beautiful as a lotus. Lord Shiva, free from base animal instincts, has no fascination for guady garments. In spite of being the sole master of innumerable terrestrial treasures, he leads a life of rigorous detachment. A man enjoying the grace of Shiva, the creator of the cosmos, does not cherish any fascination for sartorial embellishments. Lord Shiva is the creator of Brahma and Vishnu. Having purged himself completely of greed and avarice, the material worldly riches have absolutely no fascination for him. According to Mahatma Razdan there are thousands of splendorous stairs leading out of the labyrinthine maze of dualism. He prays to lord Shiva to help him up the steps for the realization of self and God.

The lyric *Achheposh Gav Lachhinovuy Heth* is followed by the narrative fragment *Manna Kin Dhaarnaayi Daare Dhyan*. Here we learn the mountainous Himalyan wilderness develops celestial grandeur as Lord Shiva returns to his icy abode with Uma. One day Lord Brahma, Lord Vishnu, Lord Shiva and all other gods assemble in heaven for analyzing Vedic wisdom. Dakshprajapati too, for the realization of some deeply cherished objective, comes to join this intellectual congregation. Everyone present accords to him joyous obsequious welcome. Finding him engulfed by illusory materialistic attachments, Lord Shiva does not open his lips to greet him. Dakhshprajapati's entanglement into the trammels of cosmic illusion is consequential upon Lord Shiva's will. Finding Mahesh disrespectful towards him, Dakshprajapati's face presents the spectacle of glowing embers. He burns inwardly like a pile of dry wood. He soliloquizes his determination to settle even scores of humiliation with Lord Shiva. He plans the offering of devout oblations to sacrificial fires with unprecedented grandeur. Brahma, Vishnu and all other gods excepting Gangadhar are invited to grace the altar with holy chantings. Observing the set precedence no one will thereafter ever invite Lord Shiva to burnt sacrificial festivities. He will be paid in the same coin for the humiliation piled upon Dakshprajapati. Through facetious measures he will be made to realize the enormity of disrespect shown

towards him. With an assiduous gaze on this objective, Dakshprajapati arranges a yagnya. He sends invitation to all his friends and acquaintances. He issues emphatic instructions not to invite ash-besmeared Lord Shiva. Mahatma Razdan instructs his own person to dwell constantly in the memories of crescent-moon-supporting Basmadhar for the attainment of salvation.

In purely narrative fragments too in Shiv-Parinayah, in contradistinction to lyrical outbursts communicating intensely poignant devotional feelings, Pt Krishana Joo Razdan makes use of quatrains with musical refrains. This very often adversely affects his felicity of narrative expression. Here the narration does not cascade forward as smoothly as it does in Pt.Prakash Ram Bhatt's Ramayana where the melodious narrator of the story of Rama in Kashmiri language assiduously makes use of charming rhyming couplets. From Dakshprajapati's Zapa Yagnyas Tai we learn that all gods flock to the king's altar of sacrificial offerings carrying bouquets of flowers. On the invitation sent to the Brahmlok, Brahma comes along with Vishnu Bhagwan; there Saptarishi's chant Vedic verses with utmost devotion. As all the gods sit circled around the sacrificial fire. Dakshprajapati instructs them against invoking the presence of Chandarchud. Lord Shiva confides his consternation to Maej Bhavani on the immaculate snowy wilderness of mount Kailash for being denied invitation to her father's sacrificial rituals. The latter attributes this lapse to her father's extreme pre-occupations and his casual approach towards his intimate relations. This silences Ishwara for quite long. Uma reminds him of the Vedic text which enjoins upon a daughter uninvited to visit her parents' abode. Finding no humiliation in such uninvited visit, Uma leaves for Dakshprajapati's palace after seeking Lord Shiva's permission. Accompanied by Nandkishore she mounts the palanquin carried forward by Shaktis. There is absolutely no reception on her safe arrival. This leads her to conclude that her parents are nourishing some grudge against her. At the sacrificial fire she declares her uninvited arrival to Dakshprajapati. She deplores his materialistic attachments and his failure to dwell constantly in the memories of Jagdishwar. Dakshprajapati declares it insulting to his dignity to invite to the festive occasion non-attached, ash-besmeared and sparsely clad Shiva who wears garlands of skulls. In the assembly of kings he would prove a cause of bitter humiliation. The dark throated mendicant wearing snaky wreaths lives in cremation grounds. He remains deeply absorbed in the self after swallowing down heavy doses of intoxicants. Devi Uma disapproves of her father's statements. She points

out that Lord Shiva is the real master of the cosmos and his disparagement pushes an individual towards speedy destruction. On hearing abusive comments hurled at her lord, Uma, materializes experience of spontaneous combustion. Mahatma Razdan concludes the narrative fragment by eulogizing Uma in the form of Jwala with her shrine at Khrew, where supplicant devotees experience soothing balm for all their temporal ailments. At this stage of the versified narration, Mahatma Razdan, a poet of deep divine inspiration, bursts out into the lyric *Khrew Khasa Poshe Puj Kaar Zalaye*. At such inspiring moments, he melodiously objectifies his high transcendental ecstasy. The devotional bard declares his intention to offer floral tributes to Jwala at Khrew. For Razdan Sahib Jawala, Mahamaya, Mahavidya, Jagatmata, Shivpriya, Vishnumaya and Saravsidha represent a single divine entity. The goddess wears a pearl pendant as effulgent as the sun; she is dressed in scarlet; she is Chandrakala in the form of Yandrakhi. She creates the worldly creatures for offering devotional salutations to her. The entire cosmos along with Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh originate from her. Shiva-Shakti form of God has four arms showering bounties on all human beings. He constantaly shapes destinies of terrestrial creatures. Mahatma Razdan implores Mother Goddess to absolve us of all our sins. Parvati is a representation of Sati and the devout flock to her shrine for enjoying a glimpse of her beatific complexion. The devotees whose conduct is always actuated by truthfulness attain blessed state by propitiating Jwala, they experience beatitude rendering personal service to her. Being an embodiment of mercy, the immortal bard implores the goddess. Param Shakti to bless her devotees with salvation, he has come along with his brethren to offer supplications of love and devotion. Goddess Jwala imperceptibly lives in the heart and mind of man; a man experiences intimation of her existence during the course of devout chanting hymns. The poet longs for the dispelling of avariciousness inexorably engulfing human life. The divine mother manifests as Jwala everywhere in the universe, she burns away all our evil deeds; the merciful mother exterminates our sorrows by burning away our sins. Dakshprajapati, surcharged with the emotion of anger, forgets to dwell constantly in the memories of Param Shakti. He is killed by Vir Bhadra at the altar meant for propitiating gods with burnt offerings. Mahatma Razdan cherishes longings for singing hymns day and night in praise of Jwala. He prays for his physical frame being used as an instrument, for the creation of rapturous musical melodies. He is perpetually conscious of the fact that goddess Jwala is herself Vaakh Mata, Brahm Gyani, Ved Sagar and the Sadd Guru blessing the devout with unfathomable immensity of knowledge. He

is convinced that he can shake off the trammels of attachment only by the abundant grace of the goddess.

There are numerous lyrical outbursts in Shiv-parinayah which superbly objectify Pt Krishan Joo Razdan's deep devotion for God. In such creative moments the poet's wonderful fertile imagination, besides scaling sublime heights, telescopes into his poetic fabric pregnant Puranic allusions. These lyrical outbursts do not at all contribute towards the furtherance of the story. But they superbly objectify the inspired bard's deep devotional and metaphysical pre-occupations. *Shri Parvatiye Bhavinais jai* is another such lyric following *Maha Mayae Chhu Jai Jai Kaar*. Here the devout bard desires to offer tributes to Parvati of dewy fresh flowers. He extols her self-immolation through spontaneous combustion for vindicating her deep love and reverence for Shiv Nath. In her incarnation as Shaeva, Parvati, making Akingam her abode, kills innumerable Rakshas. The poet has collected red, blue and grey flowers for offering to his favourite goddess. He pleads for a patient attention to his entreaties and those of his forlorn brethren. The ash-besmeared maniac whose abodes are Amarnath and Kailash metamorphosed himself into Aradh Nareshwar after marrying her. Living in perpetual nuptial bliss with Lord Shiva, Parvati has Ashta Siddis constantly flocking around her.

Nand Kishore, the mount of Shiva and Parvati,hurries back to Kailash to report the tragic developments at Dakshprajapati's sacrificial fire. In his characteristic rambling manner, he describes all minute details. This intelligence sends Lord Shiva into cataclysmic fury out of which materializes Vir Bhadra. He orders his demiurgic creation to indulge into an orgy of destruction. Leading Vir Bhadra, Lord Shiva enjoys malignant glee in killing the assembled gods and scattering away sacrificial embers. The supplications of the devout to mitigate the vindictive intensity of Shiva's fury prove perfectly futile .VIr Badhra, catching hold of Dakshprajapati, decapitates him and throws his head into the flashing sacrificial fire. He pulls away the emblematic tufts of hair from the heads of the assembled gods. He humbles them into the realization of their infinitely meager physical powers in comparison with Lord Shiva. He makes Brahma to chant praises of Uma Rudhra and frightens him into hiding himself in a huge pile of cow dung. He smashes away all the teeth of Lord Surya. Along with other gods, he makes Vishnu Bhagwan to chant the sacred word 'Hari' and to seek the unstinted compassion of Sada Shiv. Rishi Brigu falls on his face as Vir Badhra pulls

out his beard; he besmears, pitch black soot on Chandrama Dev's radiant white face. The gods belonging to different cosmic regions sing variegated hymns to propitiate Basmadhar. They seek protection under Shiva's absymal grace and compassion. In the narrative segment *Saarinae Haaevin Panaeni Zore*, Pt.Krishan Joo Razdan has distinct comic objectives. He creates a wealth of humour by wielding comic instruments exaggeration and disgust.

As mentioned earlier Mahatma Razdan adopts the poetic structure quatrain for narrating the story of Uma's union with Shiva. This structure adversely affects his narrative felicity. Stories can be best narrated in rhyming couplets which are amply illustrated by Prakash Ram Bhatt's Ramayana. This fact too cannot be gainsaid that in the purely lyrical compositions interspersed in Shiv-Parinayah, Pt. Krishan Joo Razdan makes wonderfully dexterous use of this expressional form. The poet sometimes utilizes rhyming couplets also as the medium of narrative expression. Embellishing these couplets with uniquely beautiful similes, he exhibits his poetic talent to the admiration of all wondering readers. In order to mitigate and calm down the tempestuous fury of Lord Shiva, Vishnu Bhagwan, Brahma Ji, Dharam Raj, Indra, Varuna, Saptarishis, Chitragupta, Ghandarvas,Surya Devta, Chandrama, Laxmi and Sarswati, Om Devta, Buddha Devta, Brahaspati, Shukra, Shaneshchara and Narad Manishwara separately offer their devout supplications to him.

Mahatma Razdan's Vishnu Bahagwan offers supplicatory prayers to thundering infuriated Shiva in a language where most of the words are Kashmiri adaptations of Hindi language. This narrative device, besides enriching Kashmiri language, makes the supplication thematically comprehensible to the Hindu devotees from places outside Kashmir who were frequent visitors to Mattan, an ancient pilgrimage centre in the Indian sub-continent. Vishnu Bhagwan admires the small ornamental circles of gold in Lord Shiva's ears, the Vasuki coiled around his neck and the trident blazing in his hand. The camphor–framed immaculate lord, footing lotus-strewn paths, seats himself on his graceful bull. The devotional bard, incognitos as Lord Vishnu, invites the lord of striking detachment, with effulgent-face and starry radiant teeth, to his presence for gormandizing sumptuous dishes. He longs for worshiping Shiva in dawny tranquility with flowers of love, jingling bells, melodious flutes and sonorous conches. Rising early in devout anxiety

and meditating upon Lord Shiva's feet, he decides offering him flowers and aragya after applying sandal paste to his forehead. Calling him Gaurishankar, Har and Gangadhar, he invites Lord Shiva to sleep on the bedding laid on the Poet's chintamani. The poet's lotus heart is the lord's seat who can be experienced through sense perceptions. The poet longs for being summoned to the lord's presence in whose memory he has constantly dwelt in his childhood, youth and old age. The poet feels his heart ablaze without enjoying visions of the lord and desires that the fire of Shiva's compassion should burn away his thorny bushes of sinfulness. The poet is not a hermit drowning his consciousness into deep puffs of intoxicants like Ganja. He feels himself enmeshed into the trammels of family commitments and responsibilities. He prays for being showered upon the soothing balm of lord's presence in the deeply intoxicating moments of divine meditation. In his corporeal existence the poet experiences soothing calm by dwelling day and night in the sacred memories of the beneficent lord. Submitting his body as a flute, he prays to Lord Shiva to blow mellowing melodious tunes out of it. Vishnu Bhagwan's supplication to Lord Shiva objectifies Mahatma Razdan's deep devotional ecstasy. In this mood Kashmiri, Punjabi & Hindi words spontaneously and simultaneously cascade forward creating an ambience of high piety and sublime idealistic faith. This admixture of languages is thematically comprehensible to most of the visitors from outside Kashmir frequenting the ancient pilgrim site Mattan since distant antiquity. The immortal bard's adaptation of words from other languages for his expressional objectives also contributes towards the enrichment of Kashmiri language.

In his devout supplication Brahma Ji calls the Ganges-supporting Shiva the lord of the universe. The trident-wielding Sada Shiva is the essence of Vedic Onkara. He is the ocean of knowledge infinite, bestower of spiritual tranquility and example of the highest spiritual realization. The detached mendicant, with a bull for his mount, has Amarnath cavern in mount Kailash for his abode. The poet calls the immortal Lord Shiva the Akaal Bhairava. The ash-besmeard three-eyed god has a snaky garland around his radiant neck. He is the undisputed sovereign of the three universes. Lord Shiva exudes child-like innocence, he is the greatest of all great saints; Shiv Nath with bluish high neck is the immortal bard's Sadd Guru. Mahatama Razdan longs for a glimpse of Param Shiva who bestows the boon of circumventing death. Calling him Maha Rudra, the poet longs for the boon of salvation from the cycle of metempsychosis. The supplication of Brahma Ji melodiously enumerates the diverse sublime attributes of Lord Shiva. But in his extreme

devotional ecstasy, the poet involuntarily indulges into stock superfluous repetitions.

Dharma Raja, the lord of Death, affirms that he can swim across the ocean of Maya by meditating incessantly upon the feet of Lord Shiva. The innumerable multitudes of entities in the cosmos are his variegated manifestations.

He professes deliberate annihilation of his ego right in his corporeal existence. He longs for the dispelling of his ignorance amidst the overwhelming nescience. He rues his succumbing to numerous carnal temptations at the cost of attaining spiritually compassionate Lord Shiva with both Vishnu and Brahma. He is the undisputed sovereign of the earth, the heaven and the underworlds.

The study of Shiva Shastras strengthens a devotee's faith in the omnipresence, omniscience and omnipotence of Lord Shiva. Identifying Hindu trinity completely with Lord Shiva, the immortal bard asserts that Garuda, Swan and Nandi, the bull, are his different mounts. He permeates every atom in the cosmos. The poet desires to dwell constantly in the memories of Lord Shiva. He prays to ash-besmeared bestower of bliss to rescue him from the sulphurous flames of hell-fire. Lord Shiva is the purest of all gods and he dwells in every animate entity. The poet has risen to this realization through the practice of intense devotional austerities. He desires shaking off slumber in early dawn to sing hymns in praise of Lord Shiva after offering him fragrant floral tributes in deep devotion. He longs for bedecking the kind lord with wreathes of pearls and rubies. Deflecting from the routine course of common humanity, the poet desires that his intense devotion should culminate in his ultimate dissolution into Lord Shiva. This type of realization, blunting the sense perceptions of an individual makes him detestable in the estimations of the ignorant. Dharma Raja calls Shiv Shankar the Maha Kala who purges human mind off the fear of death and extricates an individual's animal propensities. Constant contemplation of the lord makes death as easeful an experience as the dropping of a flower off its mother bough. The compassionate lord is more effulgent than hundred spangled suns shining together and he drapes himself with the skin of an elephant. The crescent on his forehead is unaffected by diurnal phenomena. A soothing dewy encounter with merciful Shiva makes a devotee's heart to blossom like a lotus; the ambrosia of his casual glimpse intensifies his spiritual concerns;

it helps the supplicant to knock down the fruitless tree of gross egotism. According to Mahatma Razdan the opening of Shiva's eyelids creates the phenomenon of dawn and their closure envelopes the physical universe with pitch darkness. He entreats the innocent lord with milky frame to bless him with a casual glimpse. He is convinced about getting gradually withered away on the denial of this entreaty. The lord with a greenish throat wears Vasuki for a garland. The supplicant desires to sacrifice himself at his feet along with all his close companions. Instead of gold he desires to pave his paths with his pearly eyes. Lord Shiva's compassion burns all kinds of sins and his adherence by the dharma makes the immortal god the victor of the cosmos. Mahatma Razdan, incognito as Dharma Raja, professes purging of his mind off anger and attachment through the exercise of high temperance. In the concluding quatrain of the supplicatory artifact Mahatma Razdan implores Lord Shiva to help him to dwell constantly in the memories of death and to absolve him of all the sins accumulated and committed in his past births. He is convinced that Lord Shiva's grace alone can waft him across the miseries of the worldly ocean. Dharma Raja's *Hee Tsarachar, Gangadhar, Shiv Shanker Shambo*, strikingly illustrates the authenticity of Pt Krishan Joo Razdan's sublime, spiritual experiences. The devotional lyric objectifies the devout bard's deep faith in the merciful existence of Lord Shiva. The poet has embellished the supplicatory artifact, written mostly in figurative language, with wonderful metaphors and similes. The supplicatory hymn of Indraja too is written in a language which is a blend of Kashmiri, Sanskrit, and Hindi. One of the principal reasons for the use of such language is Mahatama Razdan's intense and sincere desire to become intelligible to the sovereign lord of Jammu & Kashmir state Maharaja Pratap Singh whom the immortal bard had greatly impressed by his high piety and unique intellectual attainments. Indraja aspires being as deep a devotee of Lord Shiva as Pushpadanta. The crown of Mahashakti, bedecking the compassionate lord, is as radiant and effulgent as millions of suns shining together. He is the fountainhead of param ananda. The poet desires to contemplate habitually upon the feet of Lord Shiva. He is perpetually conscious about the essentially transitory nature of his temporal existence. He is convinced that his soul will continue to reside in his corporeal frame as long as he continues to dwell perpetually in the memories of Shiva. Varuna, the equivalent of Neptune in Greek mythology, extols the essentially impersonal nature of the master of the cosmos. He declares his resolution to wait for Shiva on the riverine steps near his home. He entertains expectations about unstinted shower of bounties. He invites the master of

the cosmos to banqueting delights at his residence. Lord Shiva permeates every cosmic entity but cosmic illusion has obliterated him from Varuna's vision. The sole bestower of spiritual bliss has heart's lotus pond for his abode. The protecting lord with lakhs of names is entertained by didris and jals with their mellifluous songs. The bulbuls in high ecstasy chant the bisyllabic word Shiva. The immortal bard instructs his own self to sanctify his brutal propensities and to inculcate unflinching adherence to the truth. He is convinced that a righteous person trudging the paith of truth is always befriended by Shiva. In Hindu religious lore Vashishtha, Vishwamitra, Gautama, Bhardwaja, Atri, Yamdagini and Kashyap are together called Sapthrishis, whose dwellings are thatched hermitages in deep forests. They are flabbergasted by Lord Shiva's indulgence into an orgy of retributive destruction and mayhem at Dakshprajapati's yagnya. They supplicate in chorus before the infuriated lord for calming down his violent emotions. They re-affirm their conviction that a person with firm faith in Lord Shiva is never overwhelmed by cosmic illusion. A rigorously detached soul enjoying constantly the beatific prospects of Brahman can never get -drowned into the abysmal depths of the worldly ocean. A person, mitigating through constant vigorous effort his intense love for his corporeal frame, blossoms like a lotus in miry ambience. He develops easy detachment comparable to that of a ripened walnut casting away its thick green cover. Getting cured of the disease of corporeal attachment, he besmears his body with grey ashes. A man of dispassion lopping away the twigs of the willow of attachment with the axe of detachment, finds his effort fructifying in Autumn after it is covered by rich blossoms in Spring. Mahatma Razdan implores Lord Shiva to offer him deep draughts of beatific nectar. This will produce a cathartic effect on the base propensities constantly surging up in his mind. In the supplication of the Saptarishis, the mellifluous bard makes a profuse use of rustic imagery reminding us of his illustrious predecessors Swami Parmanand and Sheikh Noor-ud-Din, and Sehzanand. But a discerning critic easily arrives at the realization that Mahatma Razdan's handling of rustic imagery is more mature, metaphoric and skilful than that of these outstanding poets in Kashmiri literature.

Chitra Gupta affirming his belief that God can be realized through concentrated meditation, invites Lord Shiva to his presence. Here too Mahatama Razdan in deep devotional ecstasy bursts out into choise Hindi expression. The devout bard predicates his belief that Shamboo is the essence of Vishnu & Brahma. He advocates ritualistic offering of flowers

to Lord Shiva in early dawn. Every cosmic entity is a manifestation of Gangadhar realizable only by such persons who have purged their minds off demeaning hubris.

The supplication of Gandharva's to Lord Shiva gained tremendous popularity in Kashmir after it was sung over the radio by Ghulam Ahmed Tibetbakal. Since then it has been mellifluously sung also by some other musical groups including the one led by Vijay Malla, Ravi Bhan, Dhananjay Kaul, Deepali Wattal, and Dalip Laugoo. The Gandharvas declare offering bouquets of bell, madal, vena, golab and pamposh as a mark of the 'objectification of their devotion to Lord Shiva. Adown the awry locks of Shiva flows the sacred Ganges and gods and goddesses, with folded hands, stand at his beck and call. The poet offers salutations to Lord Shiva in deep devotion. He calls him an ocean of mercy undefiled. The poet exhorts his brethren to develop detachment in temporal existence. The illusory phenomenal world can never become any individual's permanent abode. The poet longs for a glimpse of Lord Shiva, the dearest of all deities; he seeks refuge in Shiva in his extreme forlornness. Lord Shiva, footing the distance separating Mahatma Razdan from him, can rejuvenate the latter's moribund springs of bliss. He declares his resolution to dissolve his identity completely into Shiva.

Shiv Parinae amply illustrates the fact that Mahatma Razdan, in spite of his vast erudite scholarship, adopts bhakti marga for the realization of Param Shiva and Param Shakti. We observe his devout imagination deeply surcharged with infinite faith in God. Surya Devta extols the immensely vast qualities of Lord Shiva in spite of his essentially impersonal nature. The poet offers floral tributes to the lord with love whose abode is a mountain. He desires to bedeck with pearly wreaths the compassionate lord. Constantly rendering succor to supplicants, the inhabitant of Mount Kailash absolves his devotees of all their sins and quenches their spiritual thirst with nectar of bliss. Uma Devi, the constant companion of Lord Shiva, is the supreme mistress of the cosmos. The devout bard is convinced that she always renders unfailing succor to devout desperate souls.

The ecstatic bard identifies mountainous eminences with the lord's head, the variegated trees with his sinews and the grassy wilderness with his matted locks. The sun and the moon are lord Shiva's two eyes and multitudes of starry clusters keep nocturnal vigil for the constant chanting of his name.

He has incessantly burning fire for his mouth; the numerous cosmic vistas are his ears. Mahatma Razdan, incognito as Surya Dev, implores for freedom from all kinds of temporal sorrows. The sky is the merciful lord's navel, the terra firma represents his feet, the Vedas are the verbal nectar flowing out of his mouth and the ocean objectifies his austerely abstinent stomach. The sovereign lord of paradise has lesser gods for his servitude and he is simultaneously a recluse and a worldly-wise person. The poet prays for a shower of bliss upon all creatures by the Lord Shiva whose bodily parts are represented by multitudes of hills and mountains. The very existence of Lord Shiva implies grace abundant for all terrestrial creatures. He is formless in spite of his being frequently identified with Onkara. Mahatma Razdan is convinced that Shiva is bliss infinite and his complexion is effulgent like thousands of Suns put together; his righteous anger forebodes cosmic catastrophe. Shiva, with lotus feet, loves the innocent and Ganga Mata incessantly flows adown his head. Mendicants, recluses and men of great dispassion constantly seek him in forests and mountain wildernesses. Completely entrusting himself to the kind lord, the poet decides to fill vast plates with sweetened rice grual and sugar as offerings of deep love. He longs for the unlocking of his vast vaults of bliss. On purnimas and amavasyas the poet longs to offer prayers with lighted lamps to the lord who blesses his devotees with salvation. He remembers the vituperation discharged by Shiv Nath on Dakhshprajapati which sends shivers of fear through the frames of all gods even to this day. Through the contemplation of lord Shiva's beatific image and the devout chanting of Karpoorgavram, Brahma shakes off the traumatic fearful experience. Every sentient being experiences Shiva, the unique example of perfection in his heart. The poet prays for infinite beneficence and complete freedom from pecuniary distress. Ganga and Jamuna ceaselessly perform propitiatory rites and Brahma and Vishnu constantly contemplate upon Shiva's soothing image along with Indraja, Dharamraja and all others gods. Lord Shiva's coming is heralded by Nandiraja carrying a long stout staff for frequently enjoying orgies of destruction and mayhem of maleficent demons. The supplicant bard implores Lord Shiva to tear asunder the trammels of pecuniary distress and abject for lornness by steadily shattering his strangulating shackles. The supplicatory prayer of Surya Dev reveals Mahatma Razdan's pantheistic pre-occupations. The pantheism of the immortal bard is more explicit than that of Descartes, Leibnitz and Wordsworth. He suggests distinct and sharp comparisons to Spinoza and amply subscribes to the philosopher's deterministic doctrine.

In the supplication and thanksgiving of Chandra Dev ecstatic Mahatma Razdan again expresses himself in a language which is a pidgin of Hindi, Urdu and Punjabi. More than any other devotional lyric in Shiv Parinae, this supplication objectifies the bard's Spinozian pantheistic predilections. He expresses his intense feeling that God is the ultimate sole reality. Like William Wordsworth, he experiences God's immanence in the mind of man besides the physical cosmos. The sole absolute reality God, permeates households, inhabited areas, sylvan, wildernesses, gardens, shady arbours, sumbuls, sumans, nightingales and flower tufts. God dwells in the sky, the water and the earth. He is the essence of Shambu, Brahma, Vishnu, Narada, Dakhshprajapati, Sun, Moon, Fire and Air. He is the fundamental essence of the earth, the sky and the underworld. God dwells alike in a mendicant, a recluse, a householders, and a celibate in the four different Varna ashrams. Mahatma Razdans longs for God-consciousness and awareness at dusk and dawn and also during day and night.

Laxmi and Saraswati celebrate together the unique righteous attributes of Sheevji who is an embodiment of all blissful virtues. He deserves respectful obeisance of every individual. Shiva's immaculate form is like a blossoming narcissus. The graceful effulgent being is bliss infinite. The poet desires to offer his entire body to Shiva as a tribute of love. The supplicants Laxmi and Saraswati have been enmeshed by the trammels of cosmic illusion. They long for offering their essential beings as sacrifices of love. Through all the transmigratory cycles, they intensely desire to meditate upon Shiva's chaste immaculate feet for reaping blissful spiritual reward. They invite all saints to sing the glory of Shiva after sitting in a circle. Lord Shiva manifests where his devotes sing his glories in chorus. They long for shattering asunder the trammels of attachment for a blissful vision of the compassionate lord. The supplicants decide to offer to lord Shiva, cuisines of variegated kinds prepared with love. They insist upon washing down the victuals with cool draughts of panakh. Mahatma Razdan considers himself a slave of the non- attached Shiva. He is convinced that his devotion for Lord Shiva is his most cherished treasure on the terrestrial globe.

In his supplication Mangal Devta, the mars of Greek mythology, calls Shiva Param Brahma, Param Shankara, Gangadhara and Jagdenhwara. He offers his salutations with utmost humility. According to him Maha Deva, the Maha Rudra, is an abysmal ocean of compassion. He beseeches for a shower of beatific mercy. Maha Deva is Nada Kantha and Jatendhria.

Mahatma Razdan, incognito as Mangal Devta, intensely desires to offer his own person as a propitiatory sacrifice. He implores for liberation from the feverish and fretful temporal stir. In the concluding quatrain of the lyric, Mahatama Razdan gives a melodious expression to his intense feeling that Basmadhar and Vishnu represent a single transcendental entity. Vishnu incarnates as Krishen Ji. The poet objectifies his essentially monistic pre-occupations. He longs for adamantine strength and courage for treading unswervingly on the thorny path of truth and righteousness.

Budh Devta calls Lord Shiva the essential and fundamental stuff constituting human mind and soul. According to him Lord Shiva is Param Atma, the embodiment of all conceivable virtuous qualities. From the core of his heart, he has been longing for a beatific vision of the lord alongside with being absolved of all his sins . Lord Shiva with lotus feet is a saint par excellence and an unfathomable ocean of compassion. According to Mahatma Razdan the flow of the river of love is perennial. He enjoins upon the devout to cleanse their bestial propensities by taking deep dips into it. He is reminded of Pandit Soedi Wani, the grocer, who is introduced to lord Shiva by innocent frolicsome boys. The devout bard deplores his nescience and his complete ignorance about the essence of God. Being deeply rooted in radiant faith, he melodiously sings the praises of the Supreme Being. Mahatma Razdan declares himself an ardent adherent of Shaivite faith. He experiences universal immanence of Shiva, an embodiment of all divine virtues, and declares his intense longing for perpetual meditation upon Lord Shiva's beatific form.

Brihaspat Devta declares his conviction that birth and death are mere cosmic illusions. The absolute reality manifested by the phenomenal universe is Shri Hari through the polytheistic concept of Hindu faith peeps Hari, the absolute reality. Being inextricably attached with the unreal world is stark nescience and no living being!

Dakshprajapati Offers Oblations to Sacrificial Fire

Dakshprajapati's sacrificial fire amidst hymnal prayers,
Is flocked by gods carrying bouquets of flowers.

As invitation is sent to Brahma,
Brahma comes accompanied by Vishnu Bhagwan;
Saptrishi's is chant aloud Vedic hymns,
As they flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

As they sit circled around the fire,
Dakshprajapati bursts out,
'You are forbidden to propitiate and invoke Shiva'
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

Enjoying deep peace on Mount Kailash,
Lord Shiva asks Mother Bhawani,
'Why have we not been invited to sacrificial ceremonies?'
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

Mother Bhawani replies genially,
'My kinsfolk must be engrossed in ritualistic ceremonies,
Being their close kin, they have been unceremonious about us'
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

As Devi replies in this wise,
Ishwara maintains silence for very long,
Busy with festivities Dakshprajapati sends no invitation,
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

Devi then speaks to Shiv Nath,
'Visiting her father uninvited is not insulting for a daughter,
This is an injunction from the Vedas'
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

'I feel no shame in going uninvited,
My father's palace showers upon me love abundant.',
Seeking Lord Shivas' permission she hastens away,
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

She, mounting the palanquin of cosmic illusion,
Is accompanied by Nand Kishore,
Shaktis function as palanquin-bearers,
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

As she safely reaches her father's palace,
No one hurries forward to greet her;
She apprehends of having somehow annoyed the inmates,
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

Striding straight towards the sacrificial fire,
She addresses Dakshprajapati in this wise,
'I have come on the festive occasion uninvited'
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

'I pity your entanglement into cosmic illusion
And consequent forgetting of Jadgeshwar,
I pity your indifference to invoke his presence on the holy occasion',
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

Dakshprajapati bursts out in reply,
'Ash-besmeared Shiva is a recluse,
Scantily clad, he wears garlands of skulls',
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers

'Invited to the royal ceremonies,
He would make me universal object of ridicule,
He would put me to shame amidst the august assembly'
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

'The snake charmer with a black throat,
Prefers crematoria as his abode;
He enjoys gay abandon under the influence of intoxicants'
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

Devi disputes Daksha's allegations,
She calls Shiva the undisputed master of three worlds,
She anticipates cosmic catastrophe for this callous disregard of Shiva,
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

Patiently listening to the abusive outbursts of the king,
She experiences her corporeal frame aflame with anger,
Devi's manifestation as Jwala deserves salutations,
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

I long to worship Devi's manifestation as Jwala,
She will lend heed to Krishna Joo's supplications,
Enthroned in Khrew, she sustains all forms of life,
Gods flock the sacrificial fire carrying bouquets of flowers.

Up on the hillock a Khrew, offer flowery tributes to Jwala,
Mahamaya in godly splendour deserveth salutations galore.

Lustrous like the Sun, she has pendants hanging adown her ears,
She is dressed in scarlet red garments,
She is Chandrakala in the form of Indrakhshi,
Mahamaya deserveth salutations galore.

She created sentient life for perpetual adorations,
She manifested herself as Jwala for all,
She is the mother of the Sun, the Moon and the Earth,
Mahamaya deserveth salutations galore.

She is four-armed Shiv-Shakti,
She is the sustainers of sentient life,
Destiny was born out of her will,
Mahamaya deserveth salutations galore.

Mother Bhagwati! absolve us of all our sins,
Thou art Sati in the guise of Parvati,
We have come running to catch thy glimpse,
Mayamaya deserveth salutations galore.

Truthful people please thee in numerous ways,
Leading to their spiritual edification,
Thy service is perpetual source of bliss,
Mahamaya deserveth salutations galore.

May thou grant salvation to the devout as Goddess Daya!
May thee lend heed to our devout chantings!
We have come with love for prostrations at thy feet,
Mahamaya deserveth salutations galore.

Thou dwelleth as a tongue of flame in every sentient heart,
Ontologically experienced, thou remaineth physically unseen,
Dispel our nescience caused by gloom of greed,
Mahamaya deserveth salutations galore.

She is an omnipresent fountain of mercy,
She glosses over our evil deeds,
Her mercy absolving sins, is fountain of perpetual bliss,
Mahamaya deserveth salutations galore.

As Dakshprajapati falls prey to anger,
He fails to dwell perpetually in thy memories,
He is killed near the sacrificial fire by Vir Bhadra,
Mahamaya deserveth salutations galore.

I desire to sing day and night hymns in thy glory,
I desire to meditate perpetually by thy inspiration,
I desire to produce salvatory strains by the grace,
Mahamaya deserveth salutations galore.

Mother Bhavani! thou art thyself the primeval sound,
Thou art the ocean of Vedic knowledge and Brahm gyan,
Thou art the Sadguru leading to knowledge of Reality,
Mahamaya deserveth salutations galore.

Krishan Ji is entangled in the trammels of attachment,
Thy abundant grace alone can extricate him out,
Samta should know that his days are running out,
Mahamaya deserveth salutations galore.

Thou immolated thyself for the glory of Shiva,
Shri Parvati! thou deserveth our prostrations galore.

I desire to worship thee with dewy fresh flowers,
Thy abode as Shaeva is in Akingam,
Thou abideth there after killing Rakhtbeej,
Shri Parvati! thou deserveth our prostrations galore.

I have culled flowers, red, green and grey,
For worshipping my beloved deity,
Lend thy ear to the supplications of the forlorn,
Shri Parvati! thou deserveth our prostrations galore.

The ash-besmeared maniac living at Kailash and Amarnath;
Married thee to make one half of his body,
Thou art always with him, his constant companion,
Shri Parvati! thou deserveth our prostrations galore.

Asht Siddis always stride before and after thee,
As Shiv-Shakti thou art manifest everywhere,
Thou dispenser of boons, listen to supplications of Krishna,
Shri Parvati!thou deserveth our prostrations galore.

Dharam Raja Sings glory of Lord Shiva

Meditation on thy feet wafts across the worldly ocean,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

Thou art manifest everywhere in the cosmos,
Contemplating thy feet I long to sacrifice my life for you,
Bowing before thee I desire to experience living death,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

O immortal beacon of consciousness, heed our innocent yearnings!
Send us the spangled morning sun to dispelling all enveloping darkness,
Hey Parmeshwar! enrich my life, separation from thee is racking pain,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

I am overwhelmed by sensuality and cosmic illusion,
I am a bird entangled in choking black trammels,
O merciful Lord God! worldly glory has no charm for me,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

Thou art thyself Brahma, Vishnu and the merciful Great God,
Our salutations to thee, thou master of three worlds,
Thou canst be realized through determined study of Shivashastra,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

Thou mounteth the Swan, the Garuda and the Bull,
Thou art palpably immanent in every cosmic entity,
I yearn to dwell day and night in thy memories,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

By a shower of thy abundant grace, save me from the sulphurous fire of hell,
Thou ash-besmeared destroyer of obstacles! make me to utter 'Hari! Hari!'
I desire to meditate on thee, the only immanent Reality,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

Shiv Narayana! thou dwellest in all sentient entities,
Thou art the pure great soul dwelling in all gods,
I tell beads remembering thee, the master of the cosmos,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

Getting up early dawn, I desire to worship thee,
I desire to sing your glory with devout attention,
I desire to garland thee with pearls and rubies,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

Through thy remembrance I desire to seek mental and spiritual union with thee,
Human birth without this realization is perfectly futile,
My dissolution in thee will make me object of ridicule for non-believers,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

Thou art Mahakal who can absolve me of the fear of death,
Thou canst purge me off sensuality and attachment,
Without thy remembrance, I will wither away like a flower on a bough,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

Attired in elephant hide, thou art effulgent like a hundred suns together,
Thy head is bedecked by crescent unimpaired by temporal flux,
For thy love I desire to scatter effulgence like the moon all around,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

With the dew of thy glimpse, I will blossom like a lotus,
The nectar of thy sight will enrich my personality,
I will axe down the fruitless tree of pride,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

The opening of thy eyelids ushers day and their closure ushers night,
O Bhola Nath! reciprocate our love through a shower of mercy,
Without seeing thy chaste immaculate self, I will wither away like a flower,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

O soul profound Neelkantha! thou wearest Vasuki around thy neck,
I yearn to sacrifice myself at thy feet with all my dear and near ones, along
Instead of gold I yearn to pave thy sauntering paths with my eyes,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

Thy mercy will burn away all my sins,
Through the observance of dharma all population will attain immortality,
Conquering anger through divine contentment, I will expel attachment,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

Hey Sadashiv! lend thy experience to Krishna on the pyre!
Be gracious enough to absolve me of sins committed in the births past,
Without thy grace, I cannot sustain myself amidst the miseries of the world,
O omniimmanent Ganges – supporting Shivashankar Shamboo!

Varuna Supplicates before Shivashankar

O formless master of the three worlds!
I will await thee at thy riverine landing steps.

O ash-besmeared mendicant! I am expectant of thy succour,
I prostrate before thy pious feet,
Tugging at thy garments, I desire to hold their bottom,
I will await thee at thy riverine landing steps.

Thou sustainer of three worlds, I invite thee to my abode,
Make me to drink deep cups of nectar,
O formless master of the three worlds!
I will await thee at thy riverine landing steps.

Thou art the immanent essence of the cosmos,
Make me to drink deep cups of nectar,
O formless master of the three worlds!
I will await thee at thy riverine landing steps.

Thou art the immanent essence of the cosmos,
Thy vision is obscured by cosmic illusion,
Thou art Govind, the fountain of eternal bliss,
Thy abode is the lotus lake of the heart,
O farmless master of the three worlds!
I will await thee at thy riverine landing steps.

The flowers in the garden of my heart are a riot of colours,
Thou omnipotent protector with numerous names enjoy them aplenty,
In thy love Bulbuls sing themselves hoarse,
Dedri and Jal loudly intone 'Shiva! Shiva!,
O formless master of the three words!
I will await thee at thy riverine landing steps.

O Krishna! purify thy mind and emotions,
Keep thy senses wedded to truth,
Lend thy mind and ears to truth,
Truth fructifies into bliss eternal.

O formless master of the three worlds!
I will await thee at thy riverine landing steps.

Saptrishis attempt to pacify turbulent Shiva

Steadily seeking salvation through constant repetition of thy name,
A devotee, O Keshav! can never drown into the river of attachment.

Maintaining spiritual detachment, he is a part of the pageant of life,
He is a renunciant dressed in the garments of a groom.
Cosmos is an illusion and Brahman the ultimate Reality for him,
A devotee, O Keshva! can never drown into the river of attachment.

Purging himself of the love of corporeal frame, he flees into the meadow of dispassion,
He blossoms like a lotus in a slimy pond,
He extricates himself from cosmic trammels like a walnut shedding off its green covering.
A devotee, O Keshva! can never drown into the river of attachment.

He is cured of corporeal consciousness and all illusory attachments,
Remembering Samta, he basmears his body with ashes,
All his attachments dissolve like ashes into water,
A devotee, O Keshav! can never drown into the river of attachment.

He lops off the branches of the willow of attachment with the axe of detachment,
Grafting it carefully with tireless selfless action,
The crops harvested in Autumn will usher prosperity in Spring,
A devotee, O Keshav! can never drown into the river of attachment.

O master of the bright fortnight!
The full moon wanes away at thy will,
Crescent bedecked Shiva! thy grace makes her shed effulgence again,
A devotee, O Keshav! can never drown into the river of attachment.

O detached master of the phenomenal cosmos!
Make Krishna Joo to drink deep draughts of divine bliss,
Make him to wash away sensual dirt from his pure senses,
A devotee, O Keshav! can never drown into the river of attachment.

Gandharvas' seek to propitiate Lord Shiva

Bel, madal, vena, golab and bouquets of lotuses,
I long to offer in worship to param shiva Shiv Nath.

He is wearing tangled locks as a coronet spouting out the Ganges,
Gods and goddesses along with Vishnu and Brahma offer their supplications,
He deserves universal prostrations in deep devotion,
I long to pay flowery tributes to param shiva Shiv Nath.

He is an ocean of mercy intoxicating the devout with blissful love,
O maniac of flowery charm! dwell constantly in the memorys of God,
World is a transitory phenomenon benefitting none,
I long to pay flowery tributes to param shiva Shiv Nath.

Shivashankar! I greatly admire thy chaste immaculate name,
I intensely desire to catch a glimpse of thy complexion,
Thou master of the cosmos! shower thy unstinted love upon a forlorn creature,
I long to pay flowery tributes to param shiva Shiv Nath.

Come to me footing the distance slowly with thy sandal feet,
I desire to sacrifice for thee body, vital breath, liver, marrow and all,
Thy coming will rejuvenate my dried up springs of bliss,
I long to pay flowery tributes to param shiva Shiv Nath.

I desire to sacrifice my head for the neel kantha Amar Nath,
Showering his infinite mercy, may he take pity on Krishna,
Krishna! surrender thy being completely to Lord Shiva,
I long to pay flowery tributes to param shiva Shiv Nath.

Surya Deva Offers prayers to angry Lord Shiva

With the bull for thy mount, thou attributeless Shiva art full of attributes,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

O sentient Shiva! we desire to garland thee
With thickly stringed exquisite pearls,
Shri Bhagwan! Thou art a universal benefactor,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

O denizen of Kailash! we have been searching for thee,
To serve us cups brimming over with bliss,
Thy remembrance absolves of all sins,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Oma Devi solveth perplexing problems of the devout,
She is the Mahamaya of the three worlds,
She is thy constant companion, rid us of our penury,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Thy graceful head is a representation of high heaven,
The dendritic patterns are thy veins and arteries,
Grasses of variegated kinds are thy tangled locks,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Sun and Moon represent thy two eyes,
O mendicant! in thy devout remembrance,
The stars in galaxies keep unwinking vigil,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Thy eyes represent fire and the ears ten cosmic directions,
Thou nourisheth benign emotions for thy devotees,
Rid us of our overwhelming sorrow,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Sky is thy nave and Earth representeth thy feet,
Thy vocal utterances are the four Vedas,
O food-abstaining Shiva! the ocean is thy stomach,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Thou art the undisputed master of heaven,
Indraja together with other gods are thy muscular strength,
Thou art attached and thou art detached,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

The hills and mountains are representations of thy limbs,
O innocent Shiva! protect us against every evil,
Shower thy unstinted benedictions upon all creatures,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

O immoral Shiva! thou enjoyeth life eternal ,
Thou always seeketh good of the world,
Though formless Omkara is thy formal representation,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

O bliss infinite! Thy effulgent face beggars description,
It is refulgent like thousand of sun put together,
Thy anger forebodes cataclysmic catastrophe,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Thou lovest dispassionate innocent people,
I desire to sacrifice myself at thy lotus feet,
Mother Ganges spouts out of thy tangled locks,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Thou art searched for everywhere,
In forests and mountainous wildernesses,
By renunciants, recluses and brahmcharis,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Filling a plate with pudding and sugar candy,
I desire to offer it along with my own self,
Open up all doors of the vast mansion of love,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Mahadev! Sarvdev! I desire to cook variegated cuisines
To quench up thy pangs of hunger,
Thou thoughtful one! take pity on me,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

I desire to sing thy glory on poonams and amavasyas,
I desire to worship thee as parthishora,
O Gangadhar! thou liberateth from the cycle of birth and death,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Thou burst out in vituperation against Prajapati,
Shri Hari Nath! purge us of the emotion of anger,
Even today gods are subject to this mental state,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Brahma constantly meditates upon thy blissful self,
He constantly chants 'Karpoor Govram',
He remembers gods seeking protection of walls,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Thou art the perfect Being manifest everywhere,
Every one experiences you in his heart,
Be kind to us and rid us of our penury,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Thou art fanned cool by Ganga and Jamuna,
Thou art the focus of meditation for Brahma and Vishnu
Along with Indraja, Dharamraja and all other gods,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Nandi runs before thee carrying a strong staff,
No creature can match his prodigious strength,
His name only causes death and destruction of demons,
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Krishna keeps praying you day and night,
Absolve him of his penury and misfortune,
Swami Sadashiv! may I serve as a sacrifice for thee!
I long to bedeck thee with motley flowers culled with deep love.

Krishen Ji is thy bond slave,
O blissful recluse! liberate him from all carnal desires,
Thy devotion is his most treasured possession,
O Lord Sadashiv! we offer thee our salutations.

Mangal Devta Sings Lord Shiva's glory

O Parma Brahma! O Shankara!
We salute thee Jagadishwara.

Hara! Hara! Hara! Hara! Ganga cascades down thy head,
We salute thee Jagadishwara.

Thou art Maharudra, Mahadeva and Parmeshwara,
Thou art eternal merciful Bhagwan,
Sadashiv! Shiv Nath! Shower thy mercy upon us,
We salute thee Jagadishwara.

Thou art Parmatma and Neel Kanth with tangled locks,
I long to sacrifice for thee every fibre of my Being;
Help us out of our forlorn condition,
We salute thee Jagadishwara.

Thou art Vishnu, Krishna and ash-besmeared Shiva,
Bless me with earnestness to meditate on thee,
Guide me on the path of unswerving truth,
We salute thee Jagadishwara.

Bodh Devta supplicates before Lord Shiva

Param Atma! thou art thyself mind and the spirit,
Thou art a constant guard against sensual stirrings,
Shri Bhagwan! thou art possessor of three unique attributes,
O Sadashiv! I long to sacrifice myself for thee.

Be benign enough to purge me of guilt complex,
I pine away for thy beatific glimpse;
Thou lotus feet mendicant are an ocean of mercy,
O Sadashiv! I long to sacrifice myself for thee.

The stream of love keeps flowing forward incessantly,
Keep it dredging with pure passions;
Take a deep bath in its shimmering waters,
O Sadashiv! I long to sacrifice myself for thee.

Sodhiwyon Pandith was a grocer by profession,
He is introduced to Shiva by innocent urchins,
In like manner grant me a vision in deep meditation,
O Sadashiv! I long to sacrifice myself for thee.

I am leading a life of nescience in the world,
I am perfectly ignorant about the essence of Ishwara,
My tongue constantly sings thy glory,
O Sadashiv! I long to sacrifice myself for thee.

I am Krishna Razdan following Shiva Karma,
I desire to see Shiva in my mind's eye;
Thou embodiment of all virtues art present everywhere,
O Sadashiv! I long to sacrifice myself for thee.

Brihaspati seeks to calm down turbulent Shiva

Birth and death are transitory phenomena,
Shri Hari alone is a stable Reality.
We may worship any god we like,
Shri Hari alone is a stable Reality.

Some are engrossed in worldly affairs,
This attachment is pure nescience,
None can enjoy eternal life in illusory cosmos,
Shiri Hari alone is the stable Reality.

Listening to beatific holy discourses,
Seated in the boat of truthfulness,
A devout berson baddles across the transitory world,
Shri Hari alone is the stable Reality.

The sky, the earth, the East, the West,
On left, right, far and near,
Parasm Shiva is omniimmanent every moment,
Shri Hari alone is the stable Reality.

Shivashankar is the real Sad Guru,
Meditation traces him deep into human heart;
None can understand Shivshanker without his succour,
Shri Hari alone is the stable Reality.

Shiva opens the gates of divine knowledge,
He helps to experience Rajayoga,
Without his grace none can enter mansion of blissful rubies,
Shri Hari alone is the stable Reality.

O Krishna! develop deep love for holy discourse,
Meditate upon God's effulgence,
Realize that non-duality is the eternal truth,
Shri Hari alone is the stable Reality.

Shokur Devta Glorifies Lord Shiva

I am an eagle ensnared,
Into the trammels of the illusory world,
Thy succour is my hope for liberation,
O immortal Lord Shiva!

I will come ever nearer to thee through thy love,
I will search thee in the wilderness of Harmukh;
Thou art a piercing beam in the pitch darkness of attachment,
O immortal Lord Shiva!

I will search thee in the snowy expanses of Kailash,
With firm faith in thy unstinted bounties,
Thou art towering sky of truth,
O immortal Lord Shiva!

Paddle me in tempestuous gale of attachment,
Across the ocean of illusory cosmos;
Seated in the scallop of sorrow,
O immortal Lord Shiva!

Across the sea of illusory world,
I can be wafted by the remembrance of Lord Hari;
O eternal source of enlightenment help us out of miseries,
O immortal Lord Shiva!

Through constant chanting of the Lord's name
The seed of devotion ripens by degrees;
No grain then wastes away,
O immortal Lord Shiva!

O saintly Bhola Nath!
We invoke your presence,
To listen to our childish prattle,
O immortal Lord Shiva!

Krishna entertains high hopes of succour,
Forgive his all past transgressions,
Absolve him of all his sins,
O immortal Lord Shiva!

Narad Munishwar seeks to pacify wrathful Shiva

Shamboo! thou art wearing garlands of skulls,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

The forest of love is full of the trees of devotion,
Which bear flowers by dewy showers of holy chantings,
I will make the deer of meditation to frisk about,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

When the nimbus cloud of nescience disappears,
The winds of faith sweep clean the sky,
The lightning of divine consciousness burns away attachment,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

I will tend the flowery tuft of contentment,
I will enjoy it through systematic devotion,
I will purge myself of lust, anger, avarice and attachment,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

Thou art ash-besmeard maniac, a saint and a renunciant,
Thou denizen of Kailash liveth in human heart,
Thou art artless innocent Bhola Nath,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

Param Shiva! thou permeateth every cosmic entity,
Thou art the essence of cosmic illusion,
The separation from thee is painfully unbearable,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

Contemplating Shiva, I cherish to become a renunciant,
Through mind's eye I desire to catch your glimpse in Amar Nath,
I will search innocent Shiva in hilly eminences,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast,

I contemplate thy truth-consciousness-bliss form,
I compose myself for offering thee floral tributes,
I will collect wild flowers for thy worship,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

Thou bliss infinite! thou art the ultimate Reality,
May I dwell constantly in thy memories!
Thou art always near, don't gambol away playfully,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

Thou art attributeless, formless and unattached
I desire to meditate upon thee at dawn and dusk,
I desire to hold thee in tight embrace with love,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

I long to sing melodious hymns from Samveda in thy deep love,
Stay a while to enjoy my devout performance,
I long to burst into lyrics in thy love,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

The illusory world is full of miseries,
I have got entangled like a spider in his web,
Liberate me out of the inextricable net,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

Temporal anxieties distract my attention,
I can't achieve the glorious conquest of my self,
I am at a loss to understand whom to wrestle against,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

I have strayed away from the path of deep meditation,
My youth has fled away like a thief,
I entertain no prospect of salvation under these circumstances,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

The world is like a chess-board,
The corporeal frame is a well proportioned physical wreck,
Send us a covering garment in the form of Shiv-Shakti,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

Dispassion does not distinguish between pleasure and pain,
It considers alike penury and prosperity,
For it beechen sheets and costly shawls are the same material,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

Remove all dirt from the mirror of my mind,
Thou art thyself dross-purging God,
Without thy grace I cannot realize purity of the self,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

Come to me for enjoying deep cold draughts of bliss,
Take me along after blessing with thy glimpse
Enjoy platefuls of offered sugar and sweet rice gruel,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

After destroying the entire cosmos,
Thou thyself will be the only formless Reality left behind,
Thou art Parmatma apparelled in timelessness,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

Give me thy experience through the senses,
External formalities of purification are perfectly futile,
I cherish to observe all austerities for thy realization,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

I long to bedeck thee with bel leaves,
Thou easy-to-please Lord! I long to meditate on thy form,
Thou purgeth the devout of the fear of death,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

My Sad Guru! thou art my only succour,
Intoxicate me with deep draughts of God-consciousness,
From the goblets of divine will which thou carriest in thy hand,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

O Shiv Nath! sustain thy devotee Krishna,
May he utter Hara! Hara!' at the time of the death,
This will alleviate the racking tremors in his corporeal frame,
Thou sustainer of three worlds! I invite thee to a sumptuous feast.

Mahatma Razdan extols Lord Shiva

Hillock Swayam is my heart where thou kindleth sacrificial fire,
Effulgent mendicant! thou manifesteth as a tongue of flame.

As Vishwanar, the god of fire, thou digesteth viands of variegated kinds,
Strengthening alike the praana of all creatures,
Thou art Parmatma witness to every cosmic event,
Effulgent mendicant! thou manifesteth as a tongue of falme.

The faithful believers are ever on thy track,
Seeking to inculcate assiduous detachment,
They mediate on thy form as Onkara,
Effulgent mendicant! thou manifesteth as a tongue of flame.

Our hymnal lyrics calm down thy agitated mind,
They readily pacify the easy-to-please Shiva,
Thou bestoweth all desired boons upon the devout,
Effulgent mendicant! thou manifesteth as a tongue of flame.

Thou asketh all gods to seek boons from thee,
Thou declareth thy love for the devout,
Thou expresseth thy satisfaction with their remembrance,
Effulgent mendicant! thou manifesteth as a tongue of flame.

Gods is reply called thee embodied Parmatma,
They sought new lease of life for Dakshiprajapati,
To offer himself ritualistic oblations to the sacred fire,
Effulgent mendicant! thou manifesteth as a tongue of flame.

Otherwise the devout henceforth will form the opinion,
That ritualistic oblations to sacrificial fire cause destruction,
They will desist from kindling up ritualistic fire,
Effulgent mendicant! thou manifesteth as a tongue of flame.

Shiva! thou dispelleth all fears of the supplicant gods,
Assuring them that their desire will be fulfilled,
Prajapati will come alive for my devout remembrance,
Effulgent mendicant! thou manifesteth as a tongue of flame.

As you reassured the supplicant gods,
Prajapati arose with a goat's head on his shoulders,
He headed towards the sacrificial fire chanting 'Hara! Hara!'
Effulgent mendicant! thou manifesteth as a tongue of flame.

Krishna feels that thou art thyself dazzling radiance,
Thou art an incandescent flame lighting up human heart,
In the enveloping nescience thou leadest towards divine knowledge,
Effulgent mendicant! thou manifesteth as a tongue of flame.

Disillusioned Prajapati reflects upon cosmic illusion

Dew sparkling in leafy glens,
Ashes streaming down the skies,
Pitch darkness enveloping Night,
Sparkling brightness ushered by Day,
I have watched these changes around in quick succession.

At certain point of time I have been a small boy,
Then a glowing radiant youth,
Soon myself a walking talking person,
Turned into ashes on the cremation pyre.

Neither Winter nor Summer will abide for long,
Nor will Kostur sing after Shravana,
Nor Joys nor Sorrows will persist for long,
Nor will people enjoy musical concerts every day.

I was alone but multiplied into many,
Nearing my goal I got flung far away,
I experienced alike the apparent and the real,
My sumptuous viands were eaten away by fifty four thieves,

Nothing is going to abide in the world,
Except beatifically smiling Shiva,
Sing him lullabies when in thy lap,
Cradle him in the deep recesses of thy heart.

Sacrificial oblations finished, Narada strums his guitar

Ritualistic oblations joyously finished,
Narada arose to strum his guitar,

Addressing attributeless Shiva,
Narada requested him to speed for Kailash,
He sought Shiva's attention to his musical compositions,
Narada arose to strum his guitar.

Shiva Nath mounted his bull;
Addressing Narada he said,
'Play softly Samvedic hymns'
Narada arose to strum his guitar.

'I will enjoy thy melting melodies
With deep devotion and love,' said Shiva.
'Then listen, thou essence of the three worlds'
Narada arose to strum his guitar.

Thou ash-besmeared mendicant,
Pay heed to Krishna's supplications,
Reveal thyself to him after throwing open the nine gates,
Narada arose to strum his guitar.

Umas' rebirth as King Heemal's daughter Parvati

Righteous Heemaal, an ocean of compassion,
Remembered beatific Shiva with deep devotion.

The mighty king was the lord of all mountains,
He was a possessor of coffers full of diamonds, rubies and pearls,
Following his dharma he bounteously doled out his wealth to the artless and innocent,
He remembered beatific Shiva with deep devotion.

He spent his time in devout supplications before Ishwara,
He sought remedies for all his perplexing predicaments,
Being childless, he was deeply sorrowful,
He remembered beatific Shiva with deep devotion.

I am the master of fabulous treasures of pearls and rubies,
I am the possessor of infinite wealth of silver and gold,
I intensely long to become the father of a child,
He remembered beatific Shiva with deep devotion.

Sati Mata showered upon him deserved benedictions galore,
She had plans to take birth as the king's daughter,
Her birth in Heemaals palace was a joyous event,
He remembered beatific Shiva with deep devotion.

Sati Mata incarnated as the king's daughter,
It was the entry of Siddha Laxmi into the royal household,
Who can match the good luck of the fortunate king?
He remembered beatific Shiva with deep devotion.

The celestial denizens called Trikuta devtas,
Greatly loved the smiling charming baby,
Blessed by the sight of her tender feet, they placed themon their heads,
He remembered beatific Shiva with deep devotion.

Words fail me to describe her innocent charm,
Gods and gandharvas alike felt ecstatic at her sight,
She was more effulgent than Sun and Moon,
He remembered beatific Shiva with deep devotion.

She was nurtured up on milk and sugar candy,
By a large number of slaves and servants,
She was dearer to her parents than their vital breath,
He remembered beatific Shiva with deep devotion.

Contemplating the figure of Param Shakti,
She is joyously christened Parvati,
She was a beauty unique in her charm,
He remembered beatific Shiva with deep devotion.

She was nurtured by maids and nurses,
She grew up to seven in this way,
She remembered Sadashiv with virtues accumulated in births past
He remembered beatific Shiva with deep devotion.

Being chaste immaculate Sati, she forget her parents,
She had steeped deep into Shiv Nath's love,
She embarked with love on the search for her consort,
He Remembered beatific Shiva with deep devotion.

With Shiva ensconced in her heart,
She set out for his search in woody wilderness,
She sang melodiously the glory of Lord Shiva,
He remembered beatific Shiva with deep devotion.

Sati Mata experiences pangs of separation from Lord Shvia

Running after I'll call thee aloud,
Thy separation is a racking pain.

Thou art the hymnal incantations of a sacrificial fire,
Thou art the holy austerities performed in a sacred wood,
Thou art the saint of all saints,
Thy separation is a racking pain.

Thou art the penances of the devout,
Thou art the vital breath of life,
Thy art thyself holy discouse,
Thy separation is a racking pain.

Thou art the support, thou the anchor,
Thou art far and thou art near,
Thou art thyself the primeval reality,
Thy separation is a racking pain.

Thou art sorrow and thou art joy,
Thou art thyself bliss infinite,
Thou art less and thou art plenty,
Thy separation is a racking pain.

Thou art the holy discourse of saints,
Thou art the white tinge of the corporeal frame,
Thy feet are blushing lotuses,
Thy separation is a racking pain.

Amongst the Vedas, thou art the Samved,
Amongst the gods, thou art Indraja,
Amongst the demons, thou art Prahlad,
Thy separation is a racking pain.

Thou art rajuguna Brahma,
Thou art satuguna Vishnu Bhagwan,
As tamuguna thou art destroyer of all evil,
Thy separation is a racking pain.

Into the mansion of dharma, through the door of action,
I seek to enter by thy granted boon,
Thou art the foundation and thou the edifice,
Thy separation is a racking pain.

Human beings believe what they see,
I perceive thee as my ultimate groom,
To thee alone I can narrate mysteries of destiny,
Thy separation is a racking pain.

To the tunes of devotion, on instruments of love,
Stay a while to lend thy ear,
Come to me, enjoy the performance,
Thy separation is a racking pain.

Inspire Krishna to mediate deep,
Upon the embodied form of Shiva,
To realize the lofty Brahman,
Thy separation is a racking pain.

Grant him strength to conquer mind and spirit,
After banishing sensual distractions through meditations,
By thy grace he will enjoy divine music,
Thy separation is a racking pain.

Parvati's encomium for Lord Shiva

O merciful! shower thy mercy upon me,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art the spangle on the forehead,
I am the lustre of a complexion,
Spangle lends charm to thy face,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art the gaudy Day, I am the charming Night,
Thou art Sky, I am Earth,
Thou art the pomegranate, I am the seeds therein,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art a charming golden oriole,
I am an aarwal in pebbly wilderness,
Both of us have developed the same yellow tinge,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

I am the effulgent moon of Kartik,
Greatly happy, striding with charming grace,
Thou art the sparkling spring Sun,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

I am innocent, thou art artless,
Answer my very first call,
I am a callow ignorant maiden,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art the monarch of the three worlds,
My blood is royal like thine own,
There is none more perfect than thee,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art the soul, I am the vital breath,
We stand united in one frame,
Thou art the nectar, I am the container,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art the beads in a rosary,
I am the thread running around,
It makes possible telling of beads,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art Moon in zodiac Taurus,
Presaging always joy abundant,
I am Rohan, the charming stellar constellation,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art Sun in sign Aries,
Thou art always joyous in this zodiac sign,
Thou art closely linked with Aries,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art Bom Dev in sign Makkar,
I desire to serve thee every moment,
No other adobe is more desirable for thee,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art the love overwhelming Virgo,
I will nurture thee on milk and sugar candy,
Come quick to save me from rabble taunts,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art Brihaspati is Capricorn,
I am seeking to track you down,
Astrologers regard this union auspicious,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art Shukracharya in benign sign Pisces,
Be always beatifically kind to me,
I am disclosing to thee the innermost secrets of my mind,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art Shaneshchar in Libra,
This is thy favourite sign,
I will track you down in deep meditation,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art joyous Raah in Mithun,
A monarch with comforts and armies vast,
Thou protect against evil stellar configuration,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art Ketu in the sign Leo,
Save me from the servitors of Yama,
I trust myself entirely to thy care,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art Narayana of Laxmi,
I have surrendered myself to thy care,
Thou always loveth the respectful,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art Brahma Ji of Savitri,
Thy figure charms me much,
I search to catch thy one glimpse,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art Pameshwara of Parvati,
Come to my home which is really thine,
Thou dwellest in the heart of man,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Ishwara, why you delay your coming,
Why do you hide thy beatific face,
Though not callous, you pretend to be so,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou sustaineth my life and vital breath,
I am thy devout servitor,
Thou Maheshan, shower thy grace upon Krishna,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Thou art the brightest of all starry constellations,
Save me from evil starry influences,
I feel ashamed amongst the people around,
Being myself merciful, I deserve thy grace.

Gauri prays for a glimpse of Lord Shiva

Time for eternal union has come,
Enjoy lotuses growing in the pond of love.

In the monistic thought, thou art the sole Reality,
Thy essence is always the same radiant flame,
Thou art the sole reality and hence called Keeval,
Enjoy lotuses growing in the pond of love.

A blissful glimpse O Lord! Time for dissolution into each other has come,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.
In monistic belief, thou art the sole Reality
Manifesting as a single tongue of flame,
Being peerless thou art called keewal,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.

In dualistic thought thou art a representation of Shiva and Shakti,
As non-dualistic Reality thou art flood of incandescence,
Thou art an embodiment of sublime virtues,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.

Master of the three worlds, thou art their essence,
Thou manifesteth as the originator, sustainers and destroyer of life,
Thou god with three eyes, cast a merciful look,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.

Thou four-armed Shiva, thou art immanent everywhere,
Thou representeth four states in four directions,
Amongst the four Vedas, thou art deep devotion,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love

Thou art Shiv Ji with five faces,
Thou sustaineth the five proanos in man,
Waft me across the temporal ocean on the boat of dharma,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.

In thy longing I'll search thee in every entity,
Thou art the father of six-faced Komar Jee,
Thy name is a pamacea for all ills,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.

Thou art the holy discourse of seven types enjoyed by saints,
Thou art thyself truthful and innocent,
Sadashiv the truth personified! set me on a truthful course,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.

Thou art dogged by Asht Siddis, show me the path of deliverance,
Thou dwellest perennially in the heart of man,
Thou art asht-murti Vishin, grant me salvation,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.

Thou art dharma in the ninth house, I'll meditate upon thy form,
Closing my nine gates, I'll seek to control my mind and spirit,
Thy nine coffers are filled up to the top,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.

Thou art called God with ten arms,
Thou art the essence of ten directions,
Help me to control ten sensual temptations.
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.

Thou art devoutly worshiped by elevan Rudras,
Help us to realize and identify thee,
This will eradicate disharmony amongst us,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.

Thy field of action extends to twelve storeys,
Thou art present in twelve sacrificial fires,
Thou art effulgent like twelve suns put together
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love

Thou art the blessing ushered by Herath on the thirteenth,
I long for thy remembrance day and night,
Rinse my mind clean on this sacred day,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.

Thou art devotional feeling, fourteen gems sterling,
Thou master of the fourteenth lunar day, grant me salvation,
Don't put to shame the full moon of the fifteenth,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.

Fasting on the fifteenth of dark and bright fortnights,
I long to worship thee every day with choice flowers,
Accept my offering of the flowers of love,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.

Krishna has been experiencing thy love since times long past,
Thy devout service is the primary concern of his life,
He will dissolve into nothingness some time after,
Enjoy blushing lotuses growing in the pond of love.

A fascinating narrative segment

Sadashiv incognito as a recluse, was speeding forward,
He was gracefully gamboling about;
He came to Parvati ash-besmeared wearing deer skin,
He was like a forest-dweller recluse and renunciant;

He was bluffing Mahamaya,
To fathom the depth of her love for him;
'She sells gold of love in the shop of devotion,
I'll examine the quality of her love upon the touchstone of truth'.

To examine the direction of the flow of Parvati's love,
Sadashiv calls her aloud;
'Thou princess, we will engage ourselves into a discourse,
To determine the shortcomings in thy pre-destined fate;

Why didst thou come alone in bleak wilderness?
It is not desirable to step at seven into the inhospitable terrain,
And to roll about on bruising sods dressed in rich brocades.'
Devi replied, 'I am smitten by Shiv Nath's love.'

'He is apathetic to love' asserted the mendicant;
'He is some tunes horribly callous and cruel;
He does not follow injunctions of conduct enjoined in the Vedas,
He is a slave of his own emotions and impulses;

Avoid repeated utterance 'Shiv Nath! Shiv Nath!' with thy candy lips,
I seek to direct you on the blissful path of dharma;
It is advisable to incant 'Shri Ram! Shri Ram' for lofty spiritual realizations,
He also blesses with immense wealth;

I myself incant 'Rama! Rama!' day and night,
This is my sole pre-occupation in life;
I am an alien purged of avarice and greed,
I am called a recluse by one and all;

I carry only a begging bowl in my hand,
I am on the way to collect alms here and there;
Thy brass will turn into gold if thou heedest my advice,
O Princess royal! Lend me thy patient ear'.

Parvati reprimands Shiva incognito as a mendicant

O Mendicant! do not speak ill of Lord Shiva,
Thou hast strayed away from the path of truth, a wretch as thou art;
Observe penances and austerities to purify thy mind,
Rejecting dualism, thou shalt experience Universal immanence of Lord Shiva;

O Baba Ji! pay heed to my advice,
Thou shalt blossom like lotus on bursting out into 'Alakh';
Treasure my direction in thy mind,
To observe high spiritual discipline in Dandak forest;

Purging thy mind of untruth and assiduously divorcing dualism,
Thou shalt thyself realize Lord Shiva;
Thy mind is a mirror requiring immediate cleansing,
To experience the unique essence called Lord Shiva;

If thou treasure godly qualities in thy corporeal frame,
Thou canst comprehend the essence of Mahadev.

Sadashiv reveals his beatific aspect to Parvati

Appreciating her complete surrender, Sadashiv could not help revealing his real self,
He appeared before her in his usual used beatific splendour;
The mendicant was greatly joyous after the holy discourse;
Delighted with the supplicant, the metamorphosed into Sadashiv;

A holy discourse highlights the ultimate Reality,
A holy discourse changes a stone into a butter slab;
A holy discourse enhances vision in eyes,
A holy discourse absolves of all sins;

Make thyself joyous with holy discourse,
A holy discourse itself is care free Sadashiv;
He bestows boons upon forlorn supplicants,
Total surrender unto him turns mortal man into Ishwar;

Complete surrender unto Lord Shiva guarantees salvation in a moment,
Complete surrender reveals all cosmic mysteries
Complete surrender leads to identification of the Self,
Complete surrender reveals each individual's soul a part and parcel of Shiva,

Parvati experienced a strange metamorphosis in the mendicant,
He appeared mounted on a bull with the Ganges cascading down his matted locks,
His corporeal frame was as white as unadulterated camphor,
He was as effulgent as crores of spangled suns put together.

He carried a lotus in one hand and a trident in the other,
This beatific appearance inspired a devotional lyric in Parvati.

Matrimonial conversation between Shiv Ji and Parvati

Mahadev appreciating the penances and austerities performed by Parvati,
Asked her to state the desire she sought to be fulfilled,
Proposing their immediate elopement,
He sought her opinion on the desirable alternative course;

Parvati expressed her longing to see him as bridegroom in King Heemals' palace,
To carry her away as a bride amidst the concourse of Trikuti devtas;
Shiva accepted all her proposals and suggestions,
Reminding her of his eternal proximity to the immaculate chaste maiden;

Promising prompt execution of her future commands,
He professed deep and passionate love for her;
He revealed his decision to send Saptrishis along with Arundati,
To undertake matrimonial negotiations in King Heemal's magnificent court,

He pointed out the desirability of sending Nared Rishi with the marriage proposal,
For confirming King Heemal's consent to their eternal union,
He prosposal divulgence of these development, by Parvati to her parents,
Ensuring for them the experience of invigorating delight;

As Shiv-Shakti thy immanence is universal,
The boons bestowed by me are in fact, the boons bestowed by thee;
I am with thee and thou art always with me,
This is the sterling truth! This is the starling truth! This is the starling truth!

Thou art Gauri, I am Shankar; there is no difference,
We have been pre-ordinately grafted into each other;
There is no difference between me and three; be attentive to this assertion,
I regard Gauri-Shankar only a single entity;

I mitigate the miseries of the devout repeating constantly this name,
I shower my mercy upon them in an unstinted measure;
I guarantee place in heaven to the person constantly chanting this name,
He also attains salvation by constant repetition of this exercise,

Thou art wrongly regarding thyself a separate entity,
I swear by myself that there is no difference between thee and me,
After these declarations, Sadashiv hurried towards Mount Kailash,
He returned to her everyday brimming over with deep love;

May God intoxicate Krishna with deep divine love!
He regards Gauri and Shankar as his mother and sire

Mother Gauri returns home joyous and gay

Bhavani returned home from sylvan wilderness,
Performance of penances and austerities was only a temporal pretence,
She is Mahamaya herself,
The entire cosmos is her tangible manifestation,

Shakti is pre-destined for union with Shiva,
Performance of meditative penance was only a formality,
Meditating upon Lord Shiva in sylvan seclusion,
Lent beatific effulgence to her complexion incommunicable in words;

As she started trudging the path leading to her home,
All gods congratulated her aloud for her enviable achievement,
'Thou hast been greatly honoured by the God of all gods,
Thou deserveth repeated salutations of us all.'

On seeing her Meenavati's joy knew no bounds,
King Heemal admired the success of her assiduous effort;
He greatly admired her deep devotion for lord Shiva;
Right from infancy thou sought to realize thultimate truth,
We solute thee; thou blessed love of Lord Sadashiv,

Narad ji glorifying Lord Vishnu informs him about Lord Shiva's marriage

Narrating developments in pugnacious cosmic politics,
Narada invites Vishnu Maharaj to Lord Shiva's marriage.

In his incarnation as Lord Rama, Lord Vishnu deeply loved Sita,
As Lord Krishna, he showered unstinted affection upon Radha,
He lifted up Goverdhan hill on his little finger,
Maharaja! thou art invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

Thou enjoyed butter of love in Jessuda's household,
Thou abideth with love by Kubzaa;
Thou enjoyed a scoopful of chaffy grain offered by Sudhama,
Maharaja! thou art invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

For a single scoopful of brany grain, thou bestoweth upon Sudhama wealth immense,
Rukmini prevented thee from accepting the second scoopful,
She requested thee not to impoverish thyself by thy lavish bounty,
Maharaja! thou art invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

Thou bestowed upon Vibhishana the throne of Lanka,
Thou bedecked Sugreve with a gorgeous crown;
Thou made Balidhanav the king of the underworld,
Maharaja! Thou are invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

Brahma stole away thy calves and boyish comrades,
Forgiving his transgression thou created them anew;
Thou loved cowherd maidens and are called Gopal,
Maharaja! thou art invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

Devki had lost to Death her six offspring,
Thou retrieved them alive from sea satisfying her innermost desire;
They had been given up as dead for quite long,
Maharaja! thou are invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

After thy completion of thy studies,thy Guru sought a desirable recompense,
He wanted his dead son to be brought to life again;
Profuse weeping had turned him blind after his son's drowning into the sea,
Maharaja! thou art invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

As his racking love for his lost son grew intenser,
Thou retrieved him alive from abysmal marine depths;
He thanked thee for circumventing Kaal,
Maharaja! Thou art invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

After killing Shankhasur, thou carried away his conch,
Thou hast christened the conch as Panchjanya;
Thou jumped into the marine waters for punishing the demon,
Maharaja! thou art invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

Five Pandavas started worshipping thee as God,
This was regarded blasphemy by Indian kings;
Thou beheaded Shishupal with thy Sundarshan Chakra,
Maharaja! thou art invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

No talent is fully adequate to depict thy character,
Thou wedded sixteen thousand, one hundred and eighty maidens;
Thou art an unattached boyish celibate in spite of this all,
Maharaja! thou art invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

Thou manifested as a partner with every dancing maiden,
Thy single self multiplied into diverse multitudes,
This abashed every scoffer in the dancing hall,
Maharaja thou art invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

Thou made stringed pearls to sprout up into tall trees,
The messeger from Radhika carried away piles of pearly wealth,
In the like manner, Shiv ji will send pearly showers,
Maharaja! thou art invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

Thou married Laxmi whom thou loved very dearly,
In the like manner Shankar is going to wed Gauri,
He has to shower joyous bliss upon king Heemal,
Maharaja! thou art invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

Though a single entity, thou art known by lakhs of names,
Bless Krishna with a beatific vision as Sadashiv,
Purging dualistic thoughts, make him monistic in belief,
Maharaja! thou art invited by Mahadev to his marriage.

Vishnu Bhagwan, Brahma Ji and Trikuti Devtas undertake superintendence upon matrimonial festivities

Listening to Narada, Shri Vishnu Ji was transported to great joy,
He declared Sadashiv the undisputed master of all gods;
'With joy in our hearts, we will eagerly celebrate the auspicious occasion,
Communicating these tidings to Brahama Ji, thou escort him to this place;

Folding his hands Narada Ji went to execute the entrusted errand,
He returned with Brahma Ji after the communication of the joyous news;
Narada propagated the message of Lord Shiva's marriage everywhere,
Making Trikuti Devtas to come crowding for joining the matrimonial festivities;

Mounting his favourite mount Garuda, Murrari set all preparations in motion,
He came to Lord Shiva's abode accompanied by all gods;
All of them saluted Shiv Nath with folded hands,
They revealed their eager willingness to execute all his commands;

Mahadev pointed out the propriety of sending Narad Munishwar
To inform King Hemal about the progress of the matrimonial concourse;
Narada, rushing in advance, informed King Hemal,
About the coming of the bridegroom Shiv Ji along with the Trikuti Devtas;

'He is coming post haste on his mount after me,
Be ready for reception! Be ready for reception! Be ready for reception!'
Learning about the speedy progress of the matrimonial procession,
King Heemal ordered laud beating of drums and blowing of clarions;

He reflected, 'The tide of time is auspiciously in my favour,
Shiv Nath is coming to my abode bedecked as the bridegroom'.
Returning Narada said to Sadashiv, 'Hey Maheshwar! patiently courageous Heemal,
Not negligent about anything, is ready for royal reception',

As the matrimonial procression drew near, preparations were set afoot,
For serving the guests sumptuous cuisines whose mounts were conspicuous everywhere,
An auspicious hour determined by auspicious positions of stars,
Was settled for the wedding to the great delight of Sedath and accompanying yoginis,

Sadashiv was accompanied by inhabitants of all the three worlds,
Whose number was in lakhs and also in crores,
Mounted on Garuda, the four-armed Shri Narayan,
Scattering around nectar was blowing his conch aloud,
All Gandharvas sang supplicatory hymns in honour of Lord Shiva,
They called him 'Hare Gopal and Shri Goverdhandhari',

Description of Matrimonial Festivities

The matrimonial concourse speedily drew near,
We offer our salutations to Hare Narayan;
Soon he blew the huge conch called Panchjanya,
Producing the auspiciously sacred sound 'Shiva Shamboo',

Every hearer of the blowing conch experienced great joy,
As it announced the approach of Shiv Ji's mount;
Joyous Meenavati, spotting the highest palace turret,
Ascended up the steps to catch a glimpse of her beloved Shiv Nath;

She was eager to see the groom of the delicate princess,
And also the chariot carrying him forward;
She entertained joyous expectation of seeing Lord Shiva's palanquin studded with rubies,
She imagined him gracefully mounting and dismounting his horse,

With wreathed smiles on his beatific face;
She expected to see him apparelled in sartorial magnificence,
Shaped from rich brocades;
As her love for Lord Shiva grew deeper and deeper,

Narad Munishwar jostled forward his way near her;
With folded hands Meenavati asked the Munishwar,
To help her in identifying Shvia Shankar;
She sought his help in recognising the guest with dusky complexion,

With sparkling diadem on his head and Kostab pendant around his neck;
Wearing strings of precious pearls, he is mounted on Garuda;
With a deep yellow shawl covering his charming frame,
He has sparkling eyes resembling two virgin lotuses,

The sight of his complexion is panacea for all ills;
Seeing him as Parvati's bridegroom is a greatly delightful experience,
She sought verification of the veracity of her conjecture;
Narada informed her that her spotted guest is Laxmi Narayan,

He blows the magnificent conch called Panchjanya;
The possessor of great humane virtues, absolves the devout of all their troubles,
He constantly remembers the kick delivered by Briju on his bosom;
He tells beads in remembrance of Shiva Nath,

Making assiduous efforts to surrender himself completely to his feet;
He is the god who incarnates himself in all ages,
To protect the devout and destroy the wicked;
Yogis and the knowledgeable constantly meditate upon his beatific form,

He deserves salutations galore for his deeds of unstinted bounty;
Absolving of racking pain, he bestows spiritual bliss,
He liberates from the shackles of life and death and wafts across the wordly ocean;
Meenavati requested Narada not to part her company in haste,

She sought his help in identifying the guest with four mouths chanting Vedic hymns,
Wearing red garments, he is mounted on a swan,
Carrying four Vedas in his hands, he delights in their melodious recitation;
Narada asked her to be attentive to his reply,

The guest pointed by her is Brahma Joo who deserves salutations of all;
He is the creator of all animate and inanimate entities,
The four Vedas have emanated from his four mouths;
In her love for Shiva Nath, she sought identification of all other guasts,

She expected to identify the god in the magnificent chariot,
With jubilant lads crowding about;
He has a personality exuding wonderful charm,
A glimpse of his complexion is a joyous experience;

She would be transported to great joy seeing him as Parvati's bridegroom,
Narad Ji asked her to lend him her attention;
He is an epitome of action and a treasure of dharma,
He is an effulgent god in corporeal frame;

He is called Siri Bhagwan by all,
He is the charioteer of Param Shiva;
Narada helped Meenavati to recognize all gods crowding around,
Along with Dharam Raza, Indraza and others;

She expressed her intense desire,
To identity the bridegroom Shiv Ji in the procession;
She spotted a saint in the matrimonial concourse,
To identify the bridegroom Shiva ji in the procession;

She spotted a saint in the matrimonial concourse,
With snaky garlands all around his neck;
A glimpse of his complexion destroys all impending evil,
He is the starling saint with feet like virgin lotuses;

He is a mendicant graceful and innocent,
Wearing around his neck garlands of skulls;
The ash-besmeared mendicant's corporeal frame emits dazzling light,
He is clean and transparent like pure camphor;

He has smeared sacred clay from Amar Nath and ashes to his limbs,
He is wearing the hide of an elephant and the skin of a leopard.
With wreathes of beatific smiles on his face, he is mounted on a bull,
He appears a denizen of deep inaccessible woods;

Attired as a renunicant forest dweller,
He appears a pearl sparkling under a pile of ashes;
He enjoys gay abandon entertaining no anxiety of anything whatsoever,
He is simple, straightforward, detached and innocent;

He must be enjoying saunters in mountainous wildernesses,
It is baffling to observe him a part of this boisterous crowd;
Praying for her keen attention Narada congratulated Meenavati's great good luck,
She had sterling inkling that the guest under discussion was Sadashiv;

This very Shiv Nath is the bridegroom,
Destined to marry her ravishing daughter;
The renunciant's abode is Mount Kailash,
All people are simply his menial servants;

This intelligence deals a staggering shock to Meenavati,
She was convinced that it forebode misfortune for her daughter;
She lamented aloud before Narad Ji the arrival of
A mendicant renunciant as the bridegroom of her daughter;

She attributed the tragedy to the malice of her malefactors,
Desiring to see her princess being carried away by a mendicant;
She lamented the proximity of a thorn to a flower,
And the proximity of live embers to ashes;

Feeling herself an object of taunts and ridicule for people around,
She tore her garments into shreds while smearing mud to her face;
As brief moments turn the tide of time,
The joyous ambience got transformed into wails of mourning;

The assembled neighbourly ladies singing bridal songs,
Left the palace premises, with derisive grimaces and gesticulations;
Meenavati's wails and lamentations surprised all guests,
King Heemal sought to pacify her;

Objecting to her profuse weeping, he assured her
That the master of the three worlds himself had come to enjoy sumptuous cuisines;
Obeying his whim, he has come dressed in strange attire,
Besmearing ashes to his sparkling countenance;

The god with lakhs of names manifests in lakhs of forms,
Thou art aggrieved observing only one of his numerous manifestations;
He is the self-manifested Shamboo in his primordial form,
He is the beacon lighting up all the seven continents;

Sun is only a ray of his effulgence,
Seven seas are only his scoopful of water;
As king Heemaal continued enumerating Shiva's unique attributes,
Meenavati's nescience got transformed to sensitively delicate motherhood,

Every person desires graceful celebration of such an occasion
It is for the same reason that Meenavti entertained a keen sense of shame;
A bridegroom should not present such an aspect,
As is detestable to humble households;

Even a truism like pounding paddy into rice,
Appeared false to Meenavati at that point of time;
As she lamented aloud her apprehensions,
King Heemal, standing up, took his seat in a corner;

Every individual guest tried to dispel her ignorance about essential Shiva,
But there was no mitigation of her sorrow and anger;
Learning about her mother's distress, Parvati lost her senses,
Her love for Mahadev grew more and more intense;

Striding towards her mother, she deplored her ignorance,
About the essential attributes of Lord Shiva;
He existed before the originating of the cosmos,
He manifested into three forms obeying divine will;

He appeared as an entity vaster than the sky,
And his sublimity became indescribable in words;
Nobody is talented enough to describe his glory,
Brahma Ji himself faltered to undertake this job;

Attributeless Shiva is immanent in phenomenal cosmos,
He dwells in the holy discourses enjoyed by sages and savants.

Parvati describes Lord Shiva's virtuous qualities to her mother

Parmeshwar as Shankara is marrying Param Shakti,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

As Brahma he is the abysmal ocean of the Vedas,
As Vishnu he incarnates upon the earth again and again;
As Shiva he bestows boons even upon demons,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

He conspires the kidnapping away of Sita,
He designs destruction of magnificent Lanka;
He is Rama, Laxmana and charming Shyama,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

He is the Ishwara of five Pandvas,
He is the destroyer of eighteen army regiments;
He is Krishna Joo playing upon his melodvous flute,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

He is the doer and also the deed done,
His will determines future events,
He is unfathomable wisdom in naked glory
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

In his incarnation as a fish, he enriches human knowledge,
Making king Saverna to witness cataclysm;
He causes cosmic catastrophe in the blinking of an eye,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

As a giant tortoise he churns deep marine waters,
Distributing fourteen treasures among the aspirants,
As Dhanvantari, he carries in his hands vital medicines,
Shankara is the essence of the three wordls.

As a wild boar he pushes the strayed earth back into its orbit,
He puts the demon Hiranyaksh to death;
He is the Hari Har rescuing Gajendra,
Shankara is the essence ofthe three worlds.

He is the sustainer of his devotee Prahlad,
He is Nara Sinh Ji and also Narmadeshwara,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

He is the Mukhteshwar bestowing the boon of salvation,
He is the Gopi Nath of King Druva;
He is the Vishveshwar bestowing exalted station in life,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

He is the Gangadhara, manifesting himself as Vaman Ji,
Making King Bali magnanimous;
He is himself a god and a demon,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

Saints pay him obeisance every moment,
He is himself Bhargav Rama;
He carries a battle-axe to destroy Kshetriyas,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

In his incarnation as the Buddha, he falls into deep slumber,
He chases away demons from sacrificial fires,
He is the Domadhar sending shower of wealth,
Shankar is the essence of the three worlds.

He is destined to incarnate himself as Kalki,
To destroy people staryed away from the path of dharma;
He is the Vidhyadhar glorifying the dharma,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

He is the Sad Guru of Vishnu Bhagwan,
Offering to him for a flower his third eye;
He is Rameshwar, the temple for the worship of Rama,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

He is the Basmadhar, the destroyer of Death,
He is, therefore, called Kalasamhaar;
King Yama remembers him with trembling fear,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

He is Amreshwar with his abode in Amar Nath,
And also in Ayodhya, Dwarika and Mathura,
Besides Naipal, Kashi and Kashmir,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

He is the yogeshwar enjoying variegated sensual experiences,
He is consciousness, sense, mind and the spirit,
He represents reality both internal and external,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

As Pushpadanta he purges the devout of carnal desires,
He inspires the composition of Mahimnapar;
He is blissful Nand Kishore,
Shankar is the essence of the three worlds.

He is omnipresent and omniimmanent,
He inspires Krishna to compose devotional lyrics;
The shrine dedicated to him is human heart,
Shankara is the essence of the three worlds.

Narada prays Lord Shankara to reveal his beatific Self

Unattached innocent Shiva! Upon people all around,
Thou always showereth thy unstinted benedictions.

There is none outside thee to make thee feel shameful
Being innocent thou do not entertain fear of public ridicule;
None can enumerate thy virtuous qualities,
Thou always showereth thy unstinted benedictions.

Thou art always in a state of boyish innocence,
Thou art deservedly called Innocent;
Thy mercy deserves our salutations,
Thou always showereth thy unstinted benedictions.

Free from avarice, thou hast conquered the emotion of attachment,
Thou hast burnt away lust to the surprise of all;
Thou art indifferent to Uma's ravishing charms,
Thou always showereth thy unstinted benedictions.

Unmindful of thy ambience, thou dost not wear any garments,
Thou wanderest about in mountainous wilderness;
None can guess the direction of thy saunters,
Thou always showereth thy unstinted benedictions.

Thou dwellest in Amar Nath in thy naked glory,
Garments are shunned by a man who realizath thee;
He again and again embraces thy idol,
Thou always showereth thy unstinted benedictions.

Thou innocent consort of Param Shati,
Thou hast garlands of skulls around thy neck;
Thou art always in care free gay abandon,
Thou always showereth thy unstinted benedictions.

Thou art the master of nine rich treasures,
Abandoning them, thou besmeared thy body with ashes;
Attachment could not entangle you in its trammels,
Thou always showereth thy unstinted benedictions.

Taking a bull for thy mount, thou besmeared ashes,
Thou draped thyself in an elephant's hide and a lion's skin;
It pleased thy wayward fancy,
Thou always showereth thy unstinted benedictions.

For a coronet thou wearest tangled locks,
Thou art called panacea for all miseries;
Ganga sprouts out of thy locky coronet,
Thou always showereth thy unstinted benedictions.

Thou cruiseth about on a boat shaped like a swan,
Shelter us under the shade of thy swan;
I enjoy neighbourly relations with a swan,
Thou always showereth thy unstinted benedictions.

Thou strode forward apparelled as a bridegroom,
All words beggar thy description;
Meena rushed forward to catch thy glimpse,
Thou always showereth thy unstinted benedictions.

Observing thy grotesque attire, Meena plunged into grief,
Reveal thy charming complexion to her,
So that she showereth upon thee her abundant love,
Thou always showereth thy unstinted benedictions.

Bless Krishna with thy beatific glimpse,
So that he realizes oneness of all creation,
And shatters asunder all attachments,
Thou always showereth thy unstinted benedictions.

Lord Shiva pleased, reveals his beatific Self

Hearing the supplicatory lyric, Maheshwar was pleased,
Bursting into a guffaw, he addressed the Munishwar,

He revealed his willingness to accept all his conditions and proposals,
He revealed his indifference towards the relative value of rubies and ashes;
With the evenness of his perception,
Shiva regards alike beechen sheets and rich brocades;

Enjoying the holy discourse, Narada looked around,
Mahadev in an instant revealed his mahamaya;
That mahamaya which is called Vishnuroop darshun,
That revelation which is called a shower of nectar;

He exhibited effulgence of crores of sums,
It was Param Brahma scattering his dazzling brilliance,
Param Shiva scattered his sheen all around,
It was like combined brilliance of crores of suns;

O listeners of this tale! Rivet thy attention,
I am reproducing a truthful account of the events past;
It is difficult to look at the single sun,
Which sends upon damaging dazzle for human eyes;

It is difficult to imagine combined effulgence of a crore suns,
No moral eyes can stand the brilliance of such intensity;
My words fail to describe the charm of the transformed bridegroom,
He was the most suitable one for the royal household,

To the utter consternation of all senses,
Dusky splendour jostled away Henna to bedeck the bridegroom's feet;
Narada offered his salutations to Lord Shva,
Calling him formless creator of the phenomenal cosmos;

Shiva, the single immanent Reality,
Mutiliplied into innumerable entities by the exercise of his will;
He created the entire cosmos in a moment,
This was a wonderful deed accomplished,

He created Onkar-shaped five universes,
Permeating in each one of them as Paran Atma;
Shiva is a merciful god valuing love and considerateness of his devotees,
He deserves salutations of all sentient entities,

O mrityunjaya! Bless thy devotees with such sense perceptions,
So that they can experience thy universal immanence;
Smiling Lord Sadashiv then started striding forward,
Blanching the mountainous wilderness with dazzling sheen;

Meenavati then developed Shiva consciousness,
Looking around she observed Shamboo with tangled locks;
He had transformed into a prince with beatific complexion,
The entire cosmos was bridegroom reflected regal glory,

Gracefully bedecked bridegroom reflected regal glory,
Indescribable through any medium of expression,
Observing the bridegroom's radiant complexion,
Meenavati, getting rid of overwhelming sorrow, enjoyed infinite bliss;

Transported to great joy and doubting her sense perceptions,
She could not distinguish between conscious awaking and surrealistic experience;
Calling the bridegroom Harsheeshor, she attributed her joy to his grace,
Calling him Anandeshwar, she eulogized him as the perennial source of her bliss.

Greatly joyous Meenavati glorfies Lord Shiva

O digambar Shiva! thou hath rid me of sarrow deep,
I long to worship thee with lotuses gay.

In thy love I left my abode,
To catch a glimpse of Harshisor;
I took a deep bath in the pond at Kurukhetra,
I long to worship thee with lotuses gay.

O Paratpar! In the soil of love at Zevan,
Seeds turn into seedlings of devotion;
All sins of births past are shaken off in Zuvuar,
I long to worship thee with lotuses gay.

Hey Jagat Ishwar! The waters of Zuvur spring,
Nourish the seeds of deep devotion;
The seeds are impregnated with Universal service,
I long to worship thee with lotuses gay.

In a brief moment, I conquered my sorrow,
Reaching Khonmuh, I renounced attachment;
Crossing Bhavneshwari was like crossing wordly ocean,I long to worship thee with lotuses gay.

O limitless, timeless, immortal Shiva!
I regained tranquillity ascending the stairs of Yama;
Thou destroyeth the servitors of Yama,
I long to worship thee with lotuses gay.

Thou reduceth lust and anger to ashes,
Thou destroyeth demoniacal tendencies;
O Harshishar! Thou hath transported me to great joy,
I long to worship thee with lotuses gay.

Thou art Shiva Keshava with a cave for thy above,
Though manifesting in two forms, thou art a single Reality,
Thou art Rameshwara and Shyamsundara,
I long to worship thee with lotuses gay.

Thou god with tangled locks riddeth the devout of all miseries,
Thou didst absolve me of racking pain;
Thou Harihara, bestowed upon me the desired boon,
I long to worship thee with lotuses gay.

Hey immortal omniimmanent Shiva!
Thy beatific glimpse overwhelmed me with joy;
Thou art an omnipresent wonder,
I long to worship thee with lotuses gay.

Bless me Vishweshwara with visual perception so strong,
That I can enjoy thy effulgence of a crore suns;
I cannot otherwise withstand thy dazzling brilliance,
I long to worship thee with lotuses gay.

O Basmadhara! With aura of radiance around,
I salute thee Daya again and again;
I am bewildered with the realization of the Truth,
I long to worship thee with lotuses gay.

O Mukhteshwar! Bless Krishna with deep devotion,
O Gaddhadhar! Listen to my supplications;
O Anandeswara! Bless me with experience of bliss,
I long to worship thee with lotuses gay.

Elated Meenavti extols Parvati's good fortune

O wild starling! be attentive to matrimonial commotion,
Shiv Nath on his progressing mount is a wonderful sight.

The effulgence hedging Lord Shiva has spread all around,
It is a matter of great delight to see the king coming this way;
I desire to sacrifice myself at his feet,
Shiv Nath on his progressing mount is a wonderful sight.

All of us have surrendered ourselves to thy protection,
Harihar has rid us of all our racking sorrows;
Murari has transformed our sins into virtues,
Shiv Nath on his progressing mount is a wonderful sight.

We are all craving for social approval.
Our respectability today is well established,
We have fulfilled our responsibilities with happy cheer,
Shiv Nath on his progressing mount is a wonderful sight.

Observing Sadashiv all assembled guests are transported to great joy,
This is followed by Vanquishing of ill luck and abject penury;
The fire of resolution has made Shiva identifiable,
Shiv Nath on his progressing mount is a wonderful sight.

Thy paths are spruced up by courtiers,
Kings are mobilizing necessary labour force;
Everything has been kept in readiness,
Shiv Nath on his progressing mount is a wonderful sight.

The masons have prepared the necessary mortar,
Walls display frascors of Variegated kinds;
The doors of love have been left unlatched.
Shiv Nath on his progressing mount is a wonderful sight.

Yandraza is functioning as officiating priest,
Anraza has undertaken distribution of Victuals;
Varunraza functions as carrier of water,
Shiv Nath on his progressing mount is a wonderful sight.

All people are crowding about,
They are scattering flowers all around;
All paths have got strewn over with flowers,
Shiv Nath on his progressing mount is a wonderful sight.

In thy great love all are shedding profuse tears,
In thy infinite mercy absolve Krishna of all miseries;
Thou art daughter of the king of mountains;
Shiv Nath on his progressing mount is a wonderful sight.

Three Narrative Couplets

As Meenavati's mind was restored to tranquillity
She reflected that her daughter was immensely fortunate;

Her bridegroom deserves salutations of us all,
He is handsome and the possessor of a charming figure;
She informed the assembled women that God had manifested in his gorgeous glory,
And invited them to sing in chorus a melodious bridal song.

Meenavati invites assembhled Ladies to sing in chorus a bridal song

Come ye nymphs all to sing a bridal song,
Our bridegroom is the essence of the three worlds

The robust mature man momentarily transformed into a boy,
Has accepted our invitation to a sumptuous feast,
He is a glorious combination of the old and the New,
Our bridegroom is the essence of the three worlds.

He is effulgent with gorgeous demeanour,
God himself has entered our portals;
We have been blessed with his recognition,
Our bridegroom is the essence of the three worlds.

He is harbinger of light in the gloom of miseries,
He brings radiant hope to the depressed and despairing;
He is the pre-ordained destiny of our princess,
Our bridegroom is the essence of the three worlds.

He captivates the mind of beholders with his radiant frame,
Observing his beatific complexion is a soothing experience,
Krishna feels his presence in his heart,
Our bridegroom is the essence of the three worlds.

In praise of Lord Vishnu functioning as the father of the bridegroom

Nand Lal has come to enjoy an amorous dance,
Arrange thyselves, ye maidens, into a sing.

Aarwal is burnt to cinders by the flame of love,
She has been exiled to the forest by the merciless one;
Lachrymose, she roams along the banks of pellucid streams,
Arrange thyselves, ye maidens, into a ring

In the dwarika of corporeal frame,
Carefully experience him enjoying amorous dance,
After throwing open nine gates of physical contact,
Arrange thyselves, ye maidens, into a ring.

In Harmukh and Haridwar,
Try to identify the renunciant,
With the help of divine knowledge and temperance,
Arrange thyselves, ye maidens, into a ring.

No achievement is everlasting in this world,
Multiplying hundreds into thousands is futile;
Remembrance of God alone wafts across abysmal ocean,
Arrange thyselves, ye maidens, into a ring.

In his court at Hari Parbat,
In thousands and Lakhs,
God doles out coins to the devout,
Arrange thyselves, ye maidens, into a ring.

Change the dancing spot into Gupkar,
An urban outskirt in a sylvan tract;
Let us sing melodious hymns at Shankracharya,
Arrange thyselves, ye maidens, into a ring.

All ye charming belles,
Practise regularly Kashmiri dancing,
Shamsunder will be attentive to thy utterances,
Arrange thyselves, ye maidens, into a ring.

Krishna Joo has entered our portals,
Accompanying the denizen of Harmukh;
It is like dogging of Sun by Moon,
Arrange thyselves, ye maidens, into a ring.

Boyish Krishan Joo with devout Krishna,
Will make a warm hand-shake;
There is only a short time for frolicking about,
Arrange thyselves, ye maidens, into a ring.

Narration in Couplets

On hearing this, all ladies of the three worlds assembled,
To watch out with love the progressing bridgegroom;

As they peered through doors and windows,
They recognized Mahadev's mount carrying him forward;

As Mahadev blessed them with the faculty of recognition,
They sang bridal quartets in a melodious chorus;

They appeared transforming the entire heaven into a dancing ring,
With melodious outpouring of tender bridal sentiments.

A bridal Song Sung in Chorus

Progress of his chariot is a charming sight,
Bridegroom of our tender princess has come.

By the grace of Mrityunjoy, we have shaken off all fears,
A parrot has emerged from the Lord's meadow;
Wild starling of Mount Himalay is chirping in jubilation,
Bridegroom of our tender princess has come.

There is a corner in our flowery tuft,
Here a blushing lotus has blossomed;
A golden oriole has sneaked into the garden,
Bridegroom of our tender princess has come.

We observed a saintly prince with lotus feet,
It was like spouting of a fountain in a garden,
Nectar started trickling down the skies,
Bridegroom of our tender princess has come.

We furnished our windy turret with lotuses galore,
And invited the sustainer of three worlds to a sumptuous feast;
Lord seated himself at the window of the balcony,
Bridegroom of our tender princess has come.

Nymphs and fairies assembled to sing bridal songs,
Dancing damsels rushed down the skies,
They sang his glory from the roof-tops,
Bridegroom of our tender princess has come.

Grooms-in-waiting are in their aerial vehicles,
Kingly saints are seated on gorgeous pedestals,
Caparisoned elephant multitudes have sturck wonder,
Bridegroom of our tender princess has come.

Guests relaxed about on balconies,
Gods seated themselves in outhouses;
Some on this side and some on that side,
Bridegroom of our tender princess has come.

Distribute the food of Shiva remembrance,
In the assembly of the observers of dharma;
Carry about the soup of bounty in the spout of love,
Bridegroom of our tender princess has come.

Feasting guests have in attendance,
Kingly saints and spiritualists high,
Offering with love cardamom and betal nuts,
Bridegroom of our tender princess has come.

Bridegroom is desirably graceful for the charming bride,
Escort down the princess apace,
He has been standing too long on the vyug,
Bridegroom of our tender princess has come.

Our portals have turned into paradise,
Out topmost floor into Shalimar;
Jubilant guests are frolicking about,
Bridegroom of our tender princess has come.

Shattering all attachments, ladies express their deep love,
Winter sneaked away to London;
Bridging down we burnt sandal wood in our stoves,
Bridegroom of our tender princess has come.

Krishna, supplicate before Ardanareshwara,
Express thy deep manly devotion;
He is, perhaps, going to bless in Shiv-Shakti manifestation,
Bridegroom of our tender princess has come.

In praise of Vishnu Bhagwan functioning as the groom's father

Vishnu Bhagwan, manifests in infinite forms,
We invoke with delight the omnipotent god.

All goddesses have seated themselves in balcony,
They are singing praises of Satyanarayan;
Shaking off pride and vanity, they feel elated,
We invoke with delight the omnipotent god.

Singing and playing elves and fairies descended down the skies,
They sat in close proximity to milkmaids and milkwomen,
In the gorgeous outhouse of Heemal Parvat,
We invoke with delight the omnipotent god.

Nymphs hurried forth along with divine damsels,
Scattering rubies of devotion all around;
They enumerated attributes of attribute less Shiva,
We invoke with delight the omnipotent god.

Yoginis, naginis and celestial damsels,
Come to sing bridal songs with great devotion;
All elves rushed forth to grace the occasion,
We invoke with delights the omnipotent god.

In fun and frolic, they lost physical consciousness,
They surrendered their mind, sense and spirit to him;
They experienced meditative delight amidst festive commotion,
We invoke with delight the omnipotent god.

Saraswati, Gomti, Ganga and Jamuna,
Chandrabhaga, Vistasta along with Saend;
Seven sisters with others have come for groom's ritualistic bath,
We invoke with delight the omnipotent god.

The altar for burnt offering is engulfed by effulgence,
Dusk accompanied by Dawn are giving thee hymeneal bath,
Day and night are in each other's perpetual search under the vast canopy,
We invoke with delight the omnipotent god.

We all wonder at thy infinite manifestations,
This is the theme of all our bridal songs;
Our senses cannot comprehend thy abysmal wisdom,
We invoke with delight the omnipotent god.

Krishna, cherish deep love for Shiva-Keshava,
Sing his glory with tranquil mind;
Listen with rapt attention the absolving tale of Shiva,
We invoke with delight the omnipotent god.

Sadashiv's hymeneal song sung to the beats of Tumbakhnaaer

Hey blue-throated Aghor! thou art omniimmanent
Thou art omniimmanent,

As Shiva thou hast a bull for thy mount
Hast a bull for thy mount,
Chandrachud Trilochan! to thy lotus feet
To thy lotus feet,

I long to give devout kisses
Thou art Trilochan,
Bhairav Nath! absolve us of all sins
Absolve us of all sins

Hey blue-throated Aghor! thou art omniimmanent
Thou art omniimmanent.
As Brahma thou looketh after the world
Looketh after the world,
As Vishnu thou sustaineth all life,

Sustaineth all life,
As destroyer thou wipeth out all creatures
Wipeth out all creatures,
Attributeless Shiva! Thou hast three attributes

Thou hast three attributes.
As omniimmanent spirit thou art experience in heart
Art experienced in heart,
Thou weareth garlands of king cobras

Weareth garlands of king cobras,
In beatific mood thou purgeth away all sorrows
Purgeteh away all sorrows,
Thy station is the most exalted of all

Most exalted of all.
To thy immaculate frame, thou smearath ashes
Thou smeareth ashes,
Thou wearest the hide of an elephant

Wearest the hide of an elephant,
Thou art the creator of the three worlds
Art the creator of the three worlds,
Hey blue-thretaed Aghor! thou art omniimmanets

Thou hast three attributes.
Master of the three worlds, thou art possessor of
Art possessor of virtues infinite virtues infinite
As cosmos heads towards catastrophe

Heads towards catastrophe
The Vedas then fountain out of thy mouth
Fountain out of thy mouth,
Thou pacify all the sensible elements

Pacify all the sensible elements,
Thy will again creates phenomenal cosmos
Again creates phenomenal cosmos,
Hey blue-throated Aghor! thou art omniimmanent

Thou hast three attributes.
Thou devoureth alike gods and common creatures
Devoureth gods and common creatures,
O immortal one! they again fountain out of thee

Again fountain out of thee,
Hey blue-throated Aghor! thou art amni immanent
Thou hast three attributes.
Meditating upon thy form, all pious men

All pious men,
Renouncing ego, seek sylvan seclusion
Seek sylvan seclusion,
Param Shiva! in their hearts by the devout

In their hearts by the devout,
Thou art experienced as a tongue of flame
Art experienced as a tongue of flame,
Hey blue-throated Aghor! thou hast three attributes.

Thou art omni immanent.
As truthful conscience, thou art perennial bliss
Art perennial bliss,
As auspiciouness personified, thou leveth all

Thou loveth all,
Hey blue-throated Aghor! thou art omniimmanent
Thou art omniimmanent
Thou consort of Param Shakti! thy remembrance

Thy remembrance
Is a polishing agent for saintly devotion
For saintly devotion
Repetition of Shiva! Shiva! purifies self

Purifies self
Repetition of Hara! Hara! Lends speech to the dumb
Lends speech to the dumb
Thou claimeth thyself thy omniimmanence

Thy omniimmanence
Hey blue-throated Aghor! thou art omniimmanent
Thou art omniimmanent
Senses make us to consider body the Reality

Body the Reality,
Unity of man and God is proclaimed by our spirit
Proclaimed by our spirit,
We unaware people are perfectly ignorant

Are perfectly ignorant,
Our life and ten spirits we surrender to thee
We surrender to thee,
Mukhteshwar! Liberate us from the cycle of birth

Cycle of birth and death, and death
Hey blue-throated Aghor! thou art omniimmanent
Thou art omniimmanent
Thy head towers high above the skirs

Above the skies,
Thy feet are deep down into the under world
About thy form,
No one hast fair knowledge about thy form

Into the underworld,
Thy gigantic form bewitches all
Bewitches all,
Hey blue-throated Aghor! thou art omniimmanent

Thou art omniimmanent
We prostrate before thy eight bhairvas
Thy eight bhairavas,
I long for thy company day and night

Thy company day and night,
To sing thy glory, I feel short of words
Feel short of words,
My mind wonders and tongue stammers

My tongue stammars,
Hey blue-throated Aghor! thou art omniimmanent
Thou art omniimmanent
Defender of the defenceless! to thy lotus feet

To thy lotus feet,
I surrender myself, thou art Shankershan
Thou art Shankershan,
Be merciful, thou universal complement

Thou Universal complement,
O disciplined one! Help me to discipline my mind
To discipline my mind,
Hey blue-thorated Aghor! thou art omnnimmanet

Thou art omniimmanent.
Devout Krishna has sung thy glory
Sung thy glory,
To be remembered among thy devotees

Among thy devotees,
Gangadhara Hara! Hara! Listen my supplications
Listen my supplications,
Hey blue-throated Aghor! thou art omnimmanent
Thou art omnimmanent

Thanks giving to groom's father Vishnu Ji

Melodious strain of a flute has entered our ears,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

Jassuda speaks to Nanda goore,
'We have begotten the creator of all life,
Opening his mouth I realized this wonder
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

The attributes hidden by the attriuteless,
Manifested with his human birth,
Shri Krishna is an epitome of divine attributes,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

Gopis speak to Uddhav Ji,
'Stop preaching dry philosophical knowledge,
Devotion alone guarantees salvation',
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

'If thou art preaching advaita monism,
Thou art a part and parcel of God,
Otherwise thou appeareth a creature helpless'
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

Niranjana lifted on his little finger Goverdhana,
Like gusty wind lifting up a dead leaf,
We engrave thy name upon the ring of our heart,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

Arjuna was a deep devotee of Lord Krishna,
He abducted away his friend's sister Subhadra,
This sinful deed turned into a virtuous one,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion

Duryodhan sought to strip naked Draupadi,
As the latter surrendered herself to the protection of Lord Krishna,
She was protected against shame by inexhaustible supply of dropery,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

Lord Krishna is peerless and matchless,
No one is comparably bounteous,
He transformed Bindravan into paradise
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

We rushed uncovered into our courtyards,
As the melodious strain of a flute entered our ears;
Sleepy maidens felt bewitched,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occassion.

The nature of our transformation is unique,
Appreciable only by one undergoing the experience,
We will wander about uncovered in forests,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

He will bless the devout with the innocence of a milkman,
With the curdling of milk, we appreciated the essence of the Vedas;
We experienced dawning of all knowledge with his drinking of milk,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

Escorting Shri Krishna with tender care,
Akhoor guided him to this place;
Otherwise his debt of ours would remain unpaid,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

On hearing this Uddav speaks to Shri Krishna,
Make me one of thy beloved gopis,
Thy devotion is growing ever deeper,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

Kamdhenu of Vedas carries milk of knowledge in her udders,
Help me to drink a drought after milking her;
My discretion thickens and thins down like milk,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

The address of gopis to Bombur,
Is called Bombur-Geeta by the devout;
Hearing its recitation guarantees salvation,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

Daffadis are scattering fragrance all around,
Thou Bluebottle, enjoy fragrance in abundance;
Fixing thy gaze, clasp all their parts,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

The bridegroom and his father,
Are effulgent like Sun and Moon;
It is a charming meeting of Dawn and Dusk,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

We are stretching Krishna Joo's hand towards you,
Hold it tightly in your own hand;
This hand-shake should be eternal,
Radha-Krishna are believed to have graced the occasion.

In praise of Shri Narayan Vishnu Bhagwan

Nand lal has come to Bindraban,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

Beloved Radha is pining away in his love,
He has come to see her;
Leaving behind Rackhman in Mathura,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

Vrindavan is a vast expanse of greenery,
Cows have started plodding their way up;
They are followed by impish Manmohan,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

Dusky frame of Krishna is sparking bright,
He has come to tend meek cows;
He has emerged as god of love in village Brij,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

He lifted Goverdhan on his little finger,
Indraja surrendered himself to his protection;
This act pacified Madhusudhan,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

Deadly Putna decided to suckle baby Krishna,
She filled her breasts with deadly poison;
A single pull by the tender mouth vanquished her designs,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

Kaalia Naag was spitting venom,
Krishna enjoyed a hectic dance on his head;
Boyish Krishna jumped about in glee,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

Milkwomen footed the terrain gracefully,
To enjoy ablution in Jamuna;
He stole away their garments to their universal ridicule,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

Brahmin from Radhika's household,
Came with the present of a pearly string;
He felt abahsed seeing pearly boughs all around,
For enjoying and frolic with gopis

Shankarshan rushed from Kailash,
To see the dancing ring;
Seeing Krishna, he experienced deep bliss,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

Attributeless Krishna has virtuous attributes,
He came to sustain the entire creation;
He is Satyadev and Satyanarayan,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis.

He is omniimmanent Parmatma,
Krishna Joo calls him
A yogi with knowledge universal,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

The bisyllabic word Krishna is loaded with bliss,
It liberates from fleshy trammels,
It helps self-realization and self-identification,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

Ocean of mercy, he sustains all
Who surrender themselves to his protection;
He extends his love even to sinners,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

Temporal engagements have led us astray,
Krishna inculcates in us awareness of the Real;
He steers the sinful across the worldly ocean,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

The virtuous Being performed deeds commendable,
He strengthened our faith in the path of devotion;
He is Vishnu is his incarnation as Krishna,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

Krishna Joo's constant repetition of the bisyllabic word 'Krishna',
Has developed in him Krishna consciousness;
By the abundant grace of Krishna, he has surrendered himself to his will,
For enjoying fun and frolic with gopis

On seeing the bridegroom Sadashiv, Meenavati bursts out into a joyous lyric

A king swan has entered my palace precincts,
Satisfying all my innermost desires.

I recognized Lord Shiva in my early maidenhood,
He wears charming pearly strings,
He is wonderfully attired for the festive occasion,
Satisfying all my innermost desires.

I searched for the lord everywhere,
In cities, villages and the world at large,
I discerned him in abysmal depths of my mind,
Satisfying all my innermost desires.

I saw the dusky complexion of Shiv Ji,
On the topmost turret of my palace.,
I constantly repeat "Shiva! Shiva! Rama! Rama!"
Satisfying all my innermost desires.

To the eternal spring of my heart,
I strengthened embankments with massive pegs of patience.,
I drank in deep draughts water of love,
Satisfying all my innermost desires.

I sowed the seed of Shiva's love,
In the fields of devout action.,
It germinated with water s of truthfulness,
Satisfying all my innermost desires.

The weeds of thoughtlessness,
I removed through high spiritual discipline
Shiva has been attracted by devotional have,
Satisfying all my innermost desires.

The moisture of grace abundant,
Has ripened the paddy Mokhta Haal,
I am free from taunts and anxieties,
Satisfying all my innermost desires.

Detached and free from sexual desires,
Krishna Joo, remembers Vishnu as Shiva.,
Thou shalt experience dawning of day in pitch darkness.
Satisfying all my innermost desires.

As she sang Sadashiv's glory with the deepening of his love,
Every joyous hearer attained life eternal;
Brahma was reciting quatrains from the Samveda,
Appealing at the same time for mercy to the consort of Uma;
He was singing Vedic and devotional quatrains,
Along with multitudes of Gandharvas.
Four-armed Narayana himself,
Sang melodiously aloud Shiva sutras;
Settling auspicious timing for matrimonial rituals overcoming all impediments,
Brahmins started singing Vedic hymns as the sacred tongue of flame appeared in the altar;
A manly form with three attributes appeared amidst the flaming fire,
From the tangled locks of fire emerged Virbhadra,
Who is universally called Kaalagnirudra.,
Besides in the devotion of the devout
A manifestation of his victuals-digesting capacity.,
He is the light of consciousness and its experience,
He, therefore, dwells in the hearts of all,
He was himself Sadashiv, a tongueue of flame
Manifestation in sacrificial fire was occassional expediency.,
As a beam of light, he dispols gloom of human heart,
He is himself uncountable reams of humans consciousness,
He is the perceptual faculty of mortal eyes,
He is himself the signs of the zodiac.,
Shiva as a tonque of flame lands light to the sun,
He is the origin and essence of every cosmic entity.,
He is himself Shiva and Kashava,
propitiated properly, he manifested in sacrificial fire.,
Mahamaya was transported to great joy,
She was gracious enough to marry Shambo Super Shiv
Assembled ladies admired the mercy of the merciful
Daya declared that God himself had showered mercy bountiful
They expressed tender feminine sentiments before Param Brahma,
They sang melodiously a bridal song enlogying Bhawani.

Thanksgiving to Lord Shiva at the time of Posha-Puza Ritual

With stars for rubies studded to his umbrella,
My Eeshaan is enjoying ritualisitic poshe pooza.

There is profuse showing of flowers from the skies,
sungod is functioning as the charioteer,
Azure firmament is awning for the occasion,
My Eeshaan is enjoying ritualisitic Posha purga.

For a pearl he has Chandrama sparkling on his forehead,
Vavlookapal is fanning him cool,
Brahma and Vishnu flank his palanquin,
My Eeshaan is enjoying ritualisitic posha-pooza.

Chitragupt is arranging things in proper order,
Yankaya is carrying fans of peacock - feathers.,
Dharamraja is detailed to distribute alms bounteoulsy,
My Eeshaan is enjoying ritualistic posha-pooza.

Saptrishis are carrying waters from seven sources of a container.
They are sprinkling camphor and perfume.,
The groom's palaqium is carried by all the seven planstary gods,
My Eeshaan is enjoying ritualisitic posha-pooza..

Ganga is carrying a massive pitcher with a spout,
Deepmala is burning frank incense.,
Laxmi is repeatedly kissing the hem of the gaberdine
My Eeshaan is enjoying ritualisitic Posha purga.

Mahavidya is feeding sugar candy to the groom,
Jamuna is constantly fanning him cool,
Saraswati, the suckling nurse, is conspicuous in the concourse,
My Eeshaan is enjoying ritualistic poshe pooza

Sidda Laxmi herself carries auspicious plate full of rice,
Karma Leekha herself prepares the sacred circle vyug,,
He resides as soul in very corporeal frame,
My Eeshaan is enjoying ritualistic poshe pooza

Vasuki and Sheshnag carry his holy mace,
He wears a string of sparkling gems,
Pitch gloom is dispelled and effulgence is all around,
My Eeshaan is enjoying ritualistic poshe pooza

Kuber Ji and Varun superintend all expenses,
Along with all other denizens of paradise.,
Guests have stationed their chariots in open fields,
My Eeshaan is enjoying ritualistic poshe-pooza

A mark of sandal paste is sparkling on the charming groom's forehead,
His face is exuding effulgence of a crore suns.,
Daya with folded hands is on attendance to the merciful One,
My Eeshaan is enjoying ritualistic poshe- pooza

Changing thy mind into aragya and thy spirit into flowers,
Worship thee the lord with them O Krishna.,
He will burn thy sins and dispel thy nescience,
My Eeshaan is enjoying ritualistic poshe- pooza

Every one there started singing and frolicking in gay abandon,
Orgies of merry-making followed the intelligence about the marriage.,
There were melodious performances on Sitar and Santoor everywhere,
Camphor and Amber burning in teeming censers sent up wreaths of incense.,
There were joyous shoutings of 'May good luck prevail!'
Ladies all around started expressing feminine sentiments,
They sang in chorus joyous bridal songs,
Realizing Shiva and Keshava a single divine entity,
They melodiously sang the festive night through.
Culling motley flowers with great care,
They started offering flowery tributes to Shiva-Shakti.,
Performing all ordained rituals with meticulous care,
They greatly pleased merciful Shiv Ji,
Piling up motley heaps of flowers,
They built up a flowery fence aroud Shiv-Shakti.,
Brahma was reciting auspicious Vedic quatrains,
He pleaded for mercy to Lord Shiva accompanied by his consort Uma.,
Eperiencing Shiva immanent in every cosmic entity,
They called him aloud with great love.,
Brahma Ji along with all denizens of Gandharva loka,
Started singing devotional quatrains from Samveda.

Every individual in the matrimonial concourse attained life eternal,
On hearing these tender sentiments of Meenavati.,
'I have prepared a wreath of thy virtuous qualities,
I am surprized with the satisfaction of my innermost desire,
My penances and prayers are rewarded. I adore thy rosary.,
I adore thy turban wrapped around a concial cap of brocaded,
I adore thy charming eyes and the lotus feet.,
I adore thy canopy and the pushpakviman,
I adore thy origin and the royal ancestry.,
I long to kiss thy face, a radiant blossoming rose,
I long to adore thy apparel after catching hold of its hem,
Having surrendered myself to thy grace, I make repeated prostrations at thy feet.,

Bowing as a supplicant at thy feet,
I long to drink deep the humbling wine of thy love.,
I adore thy gaberdine, graceful forehead and the string of precious rubies,
I adore everything about thy splendrous person.,
Thy charming frame exudas dazzling effulgnece.,
Thy body is wonderfully radiant,
with exquisite apparel lending to it unique charm.,
I adore thy robe of brocade with a fascinating belt,
I adore thy gratifying unstinted bounty.,
Thou mighty Being! I adore thy invincible might,
I cherish deep faith and love for thee,
Nourishing motherly sentiments for thee, thy glory has transported me to great joy
Thou art called merciful sustainer of all life,
I will tie a pearly string to thy regal turban'.

Sadashiv is asked to present Ornaments of Gold and Pearls to the Bride Girja

Moved to abundant mercy, Sadashiv started eating ritualistic rice dish,
The assembled ladies, in the bridal song, demanded pearly and gold bridal wealth.,
Shakti is venturing out on the worldly course,
Propriety demands presentation of beauteous things of gold as bridal wealth to her.,
Shiva resides in every sentient heart.,
He surmised that bridal wealth refers to some kind of medicine.,
The assembled ladies, praying for his undistracted attention,
Declared gold and ornaments as the bridal wealth,
Shiva sought to be enlightened about the essential nature of gold and ornaments,
He conjectured that bridal wealth meant some life sustaining cereal,
Admitting his gross ignorance, he revealed his eagerness to learn the properties of gold,
Gold being a rare commodity, it is always priced high,
Its abundant materialization alone can obliterate socio-economic distinctions,
Shiva reflected that a profusion of gold and pearly wealth
Alone can purge mankind off demeaning avarice and greed.,
As Sadashiv was deep in this thought,
He thundered and asked for space to garmer
The abundant bridal wealth;
It began to snow gold very thickly,
This was the bridal wealth for the charming princess.

Lord Shiva is glorified for materializing a Gold Snowfall

Earth is completely covered by gold snow,
Glory to Lord Sadashiv showering his vast bounty.

Every individual's lust for ornaments is satiated,
Shankar has sent down abundant bridal wealth,
Earth is covered by a layer of gold two and a half yards thick,
Glory to Lord Sada Shiv showering his vast bounty

We supplicate before the carefree Shiva,
Shower upon us thy unstinted mercy.,
Living structures will sag, and bend under massy impact
Glory to Lord Sadashiv showering his vast bounty.

Lord Shiva manifested as harbingerof gold snow,
Building up heaps of gold everywhere;
This was an objectification of divine will,
Glory to Lord Sadashiv showering his vast bounty.

With the purification of perceptions greed for gold fled away.
Obliterating distinctions between kings and cooks;
Maids and handmaidens displayed sparkling ornaments,
Glory to Lord Sadashiv showering his vast bounty

Every body's innermost desire is satisfied
Purging away of greed obliterated demeaning subservience.,
Entire population became spiritually inclined,
Glory to Lord Sada Shiv showering his vast bounty

We cultivated the crop of action with faith in Dharma,
Purged greed naturally chased away attachment.,
He realized Brahman permeating every individual,
Glory to Lord Sada Shiv showering his vast bounty

Wealth of godliness is treasured in faith,
Surfeited with gold, we long for the same.,
We constantly pray for this boon,
Glory to Lord Sada Shiv showering his vast bounty

Merciful Shiva Shankar will purge Krishna off his greed,
By bestowing upon him great tenactiy of will.,
He will reveal his beatitude everywhere
Glory to Lord Sada Shiv showering his vast bounty

Short Narration in Couplets

Mahamaya blessed each individual with a beatific glimpse,
Shower of gold snow then changed into a shower of pearls.,
All people engaged in anxious conversation,
Prepared to scrape the massy accumulation down their roofs.,
They shouted at one another the expediency of this measure
Anticipating the collapse of their houses under the deadly heavy mass.

People prepare to Scrape Gold Down the Roofs of their Houses

Come ye folks scrape down gold snow,
Our roofs are covered with a heavy mass of pearls.

Hillocks in our courtyards obliterate the views of hills beyond,
Gold snow has got piled up to the ceilings of the first floors;
Impecunious have risen high up the social ladder,
Our roofs are covered with a heavy mass of pearls.

Swami Shiv Nath ! we cannot brooke such a heavy pearly fall,
Metallic plates and wicker baskets are of no avail.
We fear towering of our paths above roofy turrets;
Our roofs are covered with a heavy mass of pearls.

Let us repair our garners to store the vast wealth,
Our indecisive tremblings are of no help;
Shuttering close their shops, shopkeepers have hurried away,
Our roofs are covered with a heavy mass of pearls.

Indraja shouted back in reply,
Thy loud complainings are of no avail,
Shiv ji's grace alone can sweep away pregnant clouds'
Our roofs are covered with a heavy mass of pearls.

Shed thee tears of love in torrents,
Make thyself to shed teary rubies;
Krishan ! tell incessantly the beads of rosary,
Our roofs are covered with a heavy mass of pearls.

Mother Earth appeals Lord SadaShiv to stop the lashing gold snowfall

Thou sustainer of life! paths will tower high above hills,
I cannot withstand such a heavy pearly fall.

Thou sustainer of three worlds! by thy abundant grace,
I carry on my back variegated after killing Harnyakh,
Thou retrieveth me from the underworld after killing Hiranyakh,
I cannot withstand such a heavy pearly fall.

Thou lord with ten arms! my torrents of tears have dried up,
I fear drowning of the word in my tearful sorrow,
The horrible snowfall does not suit the festive occasion,
I cannot withstand such a heavy pearly fall.

O Mrityunjoy! purga my mind off all fears,
O Shivomkara! I have faith in thy mercy.,
Grant me respite by thinning down the falling snow,
I cannot withstand such a heavy pearly fall

In Kashmir, Kashmir, Nepal and regions all,
Thy devotees strike about on my bosom;
Thou denizen of Kailash! Extend to me thy abundant love,
I cannot withstand such a heavy pearly fall.

Thou innocent radiant Shiva with Ganges Supporting locks,
I desire to embrace thy glorious naked farme;
Lend thy ears to my lamentations in distress,
I cannot withstand such a heavy pearly fall.

Amongst the mountains, thou art the mighty Himalayas,
I am trembling under massy gold snow.,
My treasures of tears have got exhausted,
I cannot withstand such a heavy pearly fall.

Hati Meghvarna Chaani Swarna Aapda

For a heavy gemmy necklace, thou weareth Vasuki,
O cloud – complexioned Shiva! Thy remembrance averteth all evil.

The Sublime Being treasures the lightning of our Consciousness,
Depriving the mind of attachment and envy of its tooth,
He brings light in engulfing gloom and hope in choking despair,
O cloud – complexioned Shiva! Thy remembrance averteth all evil.

The unquenchable greed makes my corporeal frame to tremble,
The more I amass the more impoverished I feel,
My efforts have been like drawing pitcherfuls of water form the ocean,
O cloud – complexioned Shiva! Thy remembrance averteth all evil.

Take me unto Thyself with a pat on the back,
I surrender my being to thy care,
Hilarious Ganges cascades adown your matted locks,
O cloud- complexioned Shiva! Thy remembrance averteth all evil.

He who dissolves his being into the wilderness of consciousness,
After identifying Hari in Harmukh,
Losing sense of base discrimination, drowns into the Saend of attachment,
O cloud – complexioned Shiva ! Thy remembrance averteth all evil.

O Virbhadra ! without your bounteous grace,
Consciousness cannot tame wild elephant of hubris,
It is futile to catch for support the top beechen covering of a wall,
O cloud- complexioned Shiva! Thy remembrance averteth all evil.

He shines forth like steel extracted from base ore,
Who is engulfed by sulphurous flames of your love,
He crushes death with a blow of the hammer of perseverance.
O cloud- complexioned Shiva! Thy remembrance averteth all evil.

The mania of attachment has bereft me of discretion,
O ash-besmeared mendicant! by holding the tail of your bull,
I will swim across the terrestrial abyss one day or the other,
O cloud- complexioned Shiva! Thy remembrance averteth all evil.

A formless essence is not subject to waxing and waning,
It does not shorten and lengthen out,
It does not lose, achieve or reject anything,
O cloud- complexioned Shiva! Thy remembrance averteth all evil.

The primeval glory of the corporeal frame,
Instigates indulgence into carnal delights,
Thy colourless form of the formless lends ruby luster,
O cloud- complexioned Shiva! Thy remembrance averteth all evil.

O lord with five faces! that person alone penetrates the mystery of existence,
Who chants incessantly attributeless six syllabic name ,
Sitting on the ground floor, he commands prospects of three storeys,
O cloud- complexioned Shiva! Thy remembrance averteth all evil.

Krishana Joo intensely desires shattering asunder trammels of attachment,
The brambly wilderness of the world will otherwise sorely injure him,
This can be realized by repeated prostrations at the lords feel,
O cloud-complexioned Shiva! Thy remembrance averteth all evil.

Achhe Poshe Gav Lachhi Novuy Heth

All the rituals of the royal wedding being over,
Lachhinov carries away paramshakti,
Chandrachud Shiva manifests in dark fortnight,
Achhe posh is carried away by Lachhinov.

Earth blossoms like a lotus,
Spring stalks forward beautifully afresh,
Charming Arinya is carried away by Neov,
Param Shakti is carried away by Lachhinov.

Lord Shiva enjoys hospitality of king Heemal,
With high dignity and superb grace,
He leaves the palace with permission of his parents-in-law,
Param Shakti is thus carried away by Lachhinov.

It is the union of Gulab with Aarwal,
With the union of hearts vanishes duality,
Sambul takes the tinge of Yemberzal,
Param Shakti is carried away by Lachhinov.

Uma Rudra Shiva is perpetually in sight of the devout,
May you please be seated after purification of mind !
The space is furnished by the lotus of heart,
Param Shakti is carried away by Lachhinov.

Apparels and garments have no significance for Shiva,
He is detached and attributeless,
He is the master of innumerable golden treasures,
Param Shakti is carried away by that Lachhinov.

Sartorial excellence is meaningless for Shiva,
He is the sole investor of grace,
He is Ishwara the creator of the three worlds,
Param Shakti is carried away by that Lachhinov.

Material wealth has no value for him,
He is free from negritude of greed,
He is the creator of Brahma and Vishnu,
Param Shakti is carried away by that Lachhinov.

Lakhs of ladders lead to splendrous hall of yoga,
May Lord lead Krishna out of the labyrinthine maze!
May he be helped up the first step !
Param Shakti is carried away by that merciful Lachhinov.

Sadashiv Saamiyo Chhuk paaf Gaalan

Lord Sadashiv! Thou absolveth the devout of their sins,
Lord Sadashiv! Thou sustaineth all terrestrial life.

Lord Sadashiv! Thou granteth the pious heavenly bliss,
Lord Sadashiv! Thou liberateth the supplicant from cycles of birth,
Thou beareth with all our faults and foibles,
Lord Sadashiv! thou sustaineth all terrestrial life.

Thou instilleth hope in many despairing souls,
Thou leadeth many people from darkness to light,
With your fiery mouth thou burneth away all sins,
Lord Sadashiv! Thou sustaineth all terrestrial life.

Thou rendreth succour to the forlorn and the destitute,
As Vishnu thou passeth through different incarnations,
Thou abasheth and disconcerteth the proud and the conceited,
Lord Sadashiv! Thou sustaineth all terrestrial life.

Thou remaineth detached from phenomenal cosmos,
A detached spectator of the pageant of life,
Thou sauntereth about in mountainous and hilly wildernesses,
Lord Sadashiv! Thou sustaineth all terrestrial life.

O merciful one! Thou forgiveth innumerable sins,
Committed over the full span of a sinful supplicant life,
Thou changeth for better the pre-ordained evil destiny,
Lord Sadashiv! Thou sustaineth all terrestrial life.

Grant us discretion to chase away our sorrows!
Obliterate eclipse for effulgent prospect of the full moon!
We are forlornly entangled in the trammels of the world,
Lord Sadashiv! Thou sustaineth all terrestrial life.

Our actions in the births past have been unrighteous,
Forgetting our past transgressions lead us towards righteousness,
Save us from future evil forgiving recalcitrances past,
Lord Shiva! Thou sustaineth all terrestrial life.

Thou loveth Sati Mata very deeply,
She jumpeth into flames feeling you slighted,
What a great spiritual merit king Heemal accumulateth !
Lord Sadashiv! Thou sustaineth all terrestrial life.

She sings glory of Shiva in this wise,
Singing she becomes Sadashiv herself;
Deeply immersed in devotion, she loses physical consciousness;
There bloom lotuses of love in her pond of devotion;
Surrendering herself completely unto Shivnath,
She loses consciousness of her physical frame;
She is like a deer hunting for musk in sylvan wilderness;
She completely surrenders unto Ishwara her body and mind;
That forest is immensely blessed,
Where Mother Bhawani undertakes devout supplications;
That forest accumulates immense virtue in times past,
Which Param Shakti sanctifies with her physical presence;
The trees standing here in secluded splendor,
Become immensely precious surpassing parijaat;
Even basil pales into insignificance,
Before the flowers grown thereon;
The waters frolicking down the eminences,
Are far sweeter than sugar candy;
The verdure stretching all around underfoot,
Changes into velvet with crystalline lustre;
The breezes with musky fragrance,
Cascade down the heavens like runnels of nectar;
The feathery denizens of the sky,
Sing in flocks the glory of immortal Shiva;
Here doves coo melodiously in fragrant lawns;
Besmeared with ashes they continuously repeat Shaeve Shamboo;
The cuckoos sing aloud in chorus,
Of Vasuki around Shiva's neck and their deep love for him;
Under the balmy breeze myriads of leafy tongues,
Proclaim their love for Shiva while embracing on another;
Waters in runnels shout, Hey Sadashiv!
We run at intrepid speed to catch ShivJi;
All creatures together sing of Bhawani,
A representation of Shiv Shakti and object of proud obeisance for all;
They flock to enjoy her divine glimpse,
And shower upon her motley flowers from the azure firmament;
Looking around Gauri spots a vast splendrous spring;

Stepping deliberately into it, she squats down in deep meditation;
Her supplicatory song greatly pleases Sadashiv;
It sounds a call of love for the great lover of supplicants;

Bhawani returns from forest to her mountainous abode;
Practising penances and austerities is only a formality;
She is herself Mahamaya;
The entire cosmos is only her manifestation;
She is pre-ordinately destined for union with Shiva;
Meditative contemplation upon him is only a worldly practice;
Observation of austerities envelops her with effulgence;
The glorious divinity hemming her is indescribable;
As she majestically strides towards her home,
She is loudly congratulated by beholders,
For winning abundant grace of innocent Shiva;
On seeing her Meeavati is greatly delighted;
King Heemal admires the strength of her resolution;
She is observed radiating effulgence of devotion;
She is greatly admired for the accumulation of high spiritual merit;
Sati loves truth and righteousness right from her infancy;
She deserves salutations for being abundantly loved by Shiva;

Gauri Supplicates Before Shiva

Hey Shivashankar! Parmeshwar! Hara!
Thou art ash-besmeared destroyer of Death.

Thou art timeless and immortal in Amarnath;
I long to sacrifice myself at your feet with all my son;
That death in sentient corporeal frame is envy of all gods;
Thou art ash-besmeared destroyer of Death.

Thou art Sadguru leading to righteousness;
Thou art the most judicious of all;
Thou art the problem and thou the solution;
Thou art ash-besmeared destroyer of Death.

Thou art the mother and thou art the father;
Thou art my kinsfolk and all;
Thou art the kinsman and thou the stranger;
Thou art ash-besmeared destroyer of Death.

Maheshwar! Thou art Vishnu and Hari;
Thou cometh into the world in different incarnations;
Thou art destroyer of demons and protector of the devout;
Thou art ash-besmeared destroyer of Death.

Ganga Gaya, Prayag, Pushkar,
Rewarding dharma absolve all sins;
Maheshwar is the god of gods;
Thou art ash-besmeared destroyer of Death.

I desire to rise early every dawn,
For meditative contemplation of thy lotus feet;
Be kind to me thou ocean of mercy;
Thou art ash-besmeared destroyer of Death.

O lord with tangled locks! Come to me as my bridegroom;
Mounted on some graceful mount;
Condescend to marry me in Swayamvara;
Thou art ash- besmeared destroyer of Death.

Shivnath articulates assent to the proposal;
He affirms obedience to the princess's command;
He advises her joyous return home;
Thou art ash- besmeared destroyer of Death.

Narad Munishwar speeds with happy tidings;
For setting matrimonial preparations in motion;
Shiva comes soon to take Gauri along;
Thou art ash- besmeared destroyer of Death.

Digambar Shiva is loved by Gauri and Krishna Joo;
The lord's devotion is their exalted avocation;
She professes incessant chanting of Sadashiv's name;
Thou art ash- besmeared destroyer of Death.

Girija's Maaenzi Raath

Awareness oriole! ask wild starling corporeal frame
To sing God's glory to the beats of tumbakhnaaer.

We sang melodiously the festive night through,
To the great delight of Shiva Keshava;
We drank nectar streaming down the skies,
To sing God's glory to the beats of tumbakhnaaer.

Darkness is dispelled and Sun presents aspect effulgent;
It is like a shower of nectar from glossy firmament;
Sun's effulgence makes flowers to blossom in motley parks,
To sing God's glory to the beats of tumbakhnaaer.

The cauldron of henna is tastefully embellished;
All the palace denizens sit crowded around;
There is scramble for dying hands and feet,
To sing God's glory to the beats of tumbakhnaaer.

There are dramatic and musical performances everywhere;
Divath comes laden with bounties all;
Days jostle away one another in quick succession,
To sing God's glory to the beats of tumbakhnaaer.

Matrimonial rituals of flaming tongue Shiva are observed;
Laayeboi and Gangvyas have been called for;
Sacred ashes are joyously carried about,
To sing God's glory to the beats of tumbakhnaaer.

Barkat comes laden with bounties infinite;
Savings outweigh consumption vast;
Striding Sedath takes her seat at the window,
To sing God's glory to the beats of tumbakhnaaer.

Gauri, the goddess of primeval sound;
Highlights all her charms with the help of Sharada;
Sidda Laxmi arranges her hair in ravishing plaits,
To sing God's glory to the beats of tumbakhnaaer.

In his deep love for God,
Krishna Joo composes lyrics motley and melodious;
May the patient divine ear inspire him,
To sing God's glory to the beats of tumbakhnaaer!

Mahadev comes apparelled as bridegroom;
Appreciating their love and hospitality he enters the fragrant lawn;
Sitting on the gorgeous furnishings,
He enjoys desired cuisine delicacies with all gods;
Every guest enjoys wishful availability,
Of the viands and victuals of his choice;
After enjoying sumptuous repast with Mrityunjay,
They enter the courtyard hallowing it like heaven;
As Lord Shiva treads it with his lotus feet,
The courtyard gets invested with unique spiritual grandeur;
As he puts his feet on embellished ritualistic circle vyug,
It is flooded with the grace of all terrestrial shrines;
The bride is escorted to the sacred circle,
And helped to stand on the left of the bridegroom;
Who is the bridegroom? Who is the bride?
It is Mahamaya standing to the left of Mahadeva;
Sedath presenting auspicious presence salutes the couple warmly;
Laxmi showers overhead sterling coins of silver and gold;
Dupmala carries lighted lamps in her hands;
Jwala herself revolves gemmy lamps in vertical circles;
Mahavidya feeds them lumps of sugar candy,
To ensure boon of salvation for all;
Sampada metamorphosed into a ring decorates the little finger;
Saraswati functions as the suckling nurse;
Longing Ganga herself carries a pitcher with a spout,
To quench up the thirst of Gangadhar with immaculate Ganges water;
Stepping slowly away from the vyug and chanting holy verses,
The joyous couple offer flowery tributes to the palace entrance;
The uncovered entablature feels greatly blessed,
As the perennial source of human bliss steps thereon;
Words fail to describe the spectacular grandeur of the ambience;
With Shiva's single look the palatial abode changes into Haridwar;

Snowing Down of Gold and Pearls for Parvati's Ornaments

Collect folks to rake down gold snow;
Roofs yield under massy gems and pearls galore.

Hillocks in courtyards obliterate views of hills beyond;
Accumulated snow touches ceiling high;
Impecunious are rich shaking off penury past;
Roofs yield under massy gems and pearls galore.

Lord Sadashiv! we cannot bear such a heavy fall;
Our rescue uproar is perfectly futile;
We anticipate towering of roads above roofy turrets;
Roofs yield under massy gems and pearls galore;

Set aright barns and garners to store non-scanty wealth;
Wicker buckets and bronze plates are of no avail;
Shopkeepers hurry away shuttering close their shops;
Roofs yield under massy gems and pearls galore;

Indraja shouts back in reply;
Your commotion is of no avail;
May merciful Shiva sweep away the clouds!
Roofs yield under massy gems and pearls galore.

Shed away tears of love in torrents;
Shed ruby tears from pupils of eyes;
Krishna Joo! Chant God's name telling your beads;
Roofs yield under massy gems and pearls galore.

Sadashiv declares laughing;
The fall so far does not match your demand for gold;
I am greatly joyous at your supplications;
Reveal your desire fearlessly.

With folded hands people submit,
Hey Maheshwar! The earth is in trouble,
Gold cannot melt away under hot sun,
Earth will cease to yield any grains,
Obliteration of class distinctions,
Is inevitably followed by erosion of authority;
We have realized our folly;
Stop the lashing fall of snow and hail;
Make conditions conducive for sustenance of life;
Chart out some course for saving the Earth.

Listening to the request,
Amaranth starts laughing;
Soon clouds get swept away,
From azure firmament;
Shiva orders Vavlokpal,
To sweep clean every grain of snowy gold,
To scrape all snow into a gigantic heap,
Forming splendrous Sumer mountain;
Vavlokpal is blessed with might enough,
To sweep momentarily away the fallen snow;

Earth's surface gets bared in a moment;
Living creatures all heave a sigh of relief;
Innocent and artless Shiva gratifies wishes of all;
There is then a joyous return to elemental normalcy;
Krishna Joo asks the mendicant,
To lend ears to his prayer;
Shiva invests Sumer mountain with splendour;
He changes brassy baseness of supplicants,
Into lustrous sterling gold of divine Knowledge.

Essence of Renunciation

Be righteous making mind immaculate Kailash;
Remain detached amidst the humdrum routine of life;

Dressed in gorgeous brocades besmear ashes to mind;
Cultivate saintly detachment through effort assiduous;
Practise constantly the chanting of Om Shiva Shamboo;
Remain detached amidst the humdrum routine of life.

Fast through month of Maarga for carnal passions to subdue;
Observe fast to sharpen your appetite for holy discourse;
Washing your mind at the shrine of spirit cast off your hair;
Remain detached amidst the humdrum routine of life.

Scrape away ego after identification of Self;
Cast away all carnal temptations;
Eradicate all perplexing apprehensions;
Remain detached amidst the humdrum routine of life.

Shri Krishna Maharaj enjoys dancing delights,
With sixteen thousand charming milk maidens;
He is still renowned as abstainer from carnal delights;
Remain detached amidst the humdrum routine of life.

Supported by Mahamaya, he sustains all supplicants;
Shiv Nath dwells in the heart of man;
He is still renowned as holy renunciant;
Remain detached amidst the humdrum routine of life.

Krishna Joo! Smear ashes of intrinsic detachment,
With apparent attachment to phenomenal world;
This is the wisdom preached to Shukdev by Vyas;
Remain detached amidst the humdrum routine of life.

Parvati worshipped as Sharika

Thy remembrance absolveth of all sins;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haare Parbhat.

Cornet on thy head, thou relieveth all pain;
Thy effulgence brighteneth the cosmos;
Thou wandereth about mounted on a lion;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haare Parbhat.

We supplicate before your incarnation as Gauri;
Offer us pitcherfuls milk of love;
Thou art realizeth by Abhinavgupt acharya;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haare Parbhat.

Pitcher, broom, sky, quern, bolt;
Openly sing your glory;
Shankracharya recognizeth you Param Shakti;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haare Parbhat.

Running to Kailash every day,
Is beyond the prowess of mortal men;
Circumambulating Parbhat absolves all sins;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haare Parbhat.

Aadishakti! Thou art omnipotent thyself;
All saints savants, renunciants hermits and celibates,
Offer you flowery tributes;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haare Parbhat.

We salute Chakreshwar,
Where thee holdeth thy court accessible to all;
Thy seat of success bestows success on all;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haare Parbhat.

With eighteen hands at Parbhat;
Thou distributeth rice in thy beneficence;
Thou sole succour to all art manifest everywhere;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haare Parbhat.

Param Shakhti! thou art thyself shaper of destiny;
Dispense thy unbounded devotion to us;
Thou rewardeth all righteous deeds;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haaeri Parbhat.

Thy energy animates gods and terrestrial life alike;
Thou directest cosmic pageant around;
Thou sustaineth our worldly pursuits;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haaeri Parbhat.

Thou art Gayatri I long to chant constantly;
In deep yogic meditative slumber;
In mind spirit and knowledgeable thought;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haare Parbhat.

Thou manifesteth in the world as parmatma;
Thou art Indrakhshi the controller of base instincts;
Thou art spiritual energy and cosmic illusions;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haaeri Parbhat.

Thou art knowledgeable practitioner of spiritual disciplines;
Thou art goddess in the form of primeval sound;
Thou teacheth efficient control over senses;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haare Parbhat.

Fanning you cool we long to offer you choicest flowers;
Thou art Chandi in sentient form;
Consciousness experiences your presence all around;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haare Parbhat.

For flying out of the trammels of cosmic illusion,
Bless us with the wings of a king swan;
Help us across the worldly threshold with the call of a swan;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haare Parbhat.

Thou art the princess of Mount Heemal;
I long to sacrifice myself at your feet;
Lend your patient ears to Krishna Joos devout prayers;
Hail to thee! Haaeri of Haare Parbhat.

Significance of Shivraath

Of all the nights there is only one of truth and righteousness,
This is Shivraath Lord Shiva's satraath;
On this day the needy get plentiful pots and pans,
And gods sport with Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh in this night;
All people throng potters shops on this day;
Supplies are rushed to households celebrating matrimonial festivities;
The gracious Saend Braaer comes on this day,
To bless all households with grandeur and plenty;
Like alchemist's stone this day transforms mercury into gold;
It is blissful for all to celebrate this occasion;
A hunter is absolved of all sins on this day;
May Lord Shiva, the effulgent sun, thaw away the ice of unrighteousness!
Conscious about the tremendous spiritual significance of this day,
People rever it as Shab-e-Qadar and Shab-e-Meraj;
Chohar Naag throws up pots and pans on the same day,
With automatic rotation of potter's wheel;
All craftsmen display their variegated products;
Earth air, sky, water and fire engage in joyous activity;
The mysterious factory set in motion this night,
Creates entities manifesting immanence of divinity;
We offer devout salutations to such Shivaraath;
This is a tradition perpetuated down the millennia;
Abhinavgupta Acharya is the propounder of this philosophy;
He ferries thousand of people across the worldly ocean;
King Saendimaan remaining awake this night,
Builds Shankracharya enlisting help of Saedath;
Great saints, great hermits and great benefactors of man,
Seek Shiva's blessings after performing purificatory operations;
Steeped in ignorance we cannot appreciate great significance of the occasion;
May Lord Shiva eradicate our wretchedness on this day!
Identifying diverse phenomenal entities as single Reality Shiva,
A supplicant call mitigates sinful miseries accumulated through births past;
Keeping a devout vigil alone ensures a shower of blessings;
And devout remembrance of Shiva entitles to all divine bounties;
For remaining awake keep arranging vatuks in different patterns;

If necessary indulge into gambling delights with children for holding sleep at bay;
Shivraath propitiates manes and liberates from the cycle of birth and death;
It bestows devotion and visions of worlds unknown;
Terracota tureens and other pots are abodes of gods,
Whose worship blesses with universal grace and grandeur;
May this Shivraath come to our abode!
May it shower upon us unstinted bounties!

Hari Har comes out carrying bride and bridegroom;
Here immanent God manifests in diverse manifestations;
The news of seeking King Heemal's leave spreads everywhere;
Everyone bows before Lord Shiva's cosmic will;
Bhawani is carried away in aerial vehicle Vimaan;
Eight Siddis tripping forward herald her splendrous progress;
She is repeatedly saluted by Jaya,
Along with Daya, Vitasta, Narmada, Ganga and Gaya;
Shiva is remembered in their purificatory oblations,
By Trisandhya, Rudrasandlya and Pawansandlya;
Amravati strides forward sprinkling nectar all around;
Saraswati herself entertains the wedding concourse with charming lyrics;
Bhawani entertains the divine couple with hymenal songs from six sides;
Panchastavi delights them with musical rendition of five tars;
Sundervani sings beautiful devout compositions;
Mahamaya spreads around her magical charm.

Return of the Matrimonial Procession

All start preparing to leave,
Stroking their diverse mounts gently;
Vishnu comes down carrying Sadashiv in his arms;
Words fail to describe the universal experience of ecstasy;
Dawny sweet Vishnu carries away charming dusky Shiva;
Assembled joyous ladies feel light piercing darkness;
Words flowing out of Meenavati's mouth,
Become gospel of salvation for all.

Mother Earth's Supplications

Mother Earth supplicates before Shamboo Maharaj;
Thick snow portends snaking of paths over hills;
O sustainer of life! I cannot withstand this pearly fall.

By thy grace, O innocent supporter of three worlds!
I carry massy load of the sinful;
Thou retrieveth me from the underworld killing Hiranyakhsh;
I cannot withstand this pearly fall

Lord with ten arms! I am shedding tears in scoopfuls;
I fear drowning of terrestrial planet into deluge;
Amidst joyous festivities my condition is pitiable;
I cannot withstand this pearly fall.

Mrityunjay Shiva! Purge my mind of all fear;
Shiva Onkar is my sole unfailing anchor;
Stop gold snow for my momentary relief;
I cannot withstand this pearly fall.

In Kashmir, Kashi, Nepal and regions all,
Thy devotees steady their feet upon me;
O denizen of Kailash! Purge my fears for their sake;
I cannot withstand this pearly fall.

Fair innocent Shiva with Ganga sprouting down matted locks,
I long to chasp your naked frame;
In confused perplexity I cannot articulate my longings;
I cannot withstand this pearly fall.

Amongst the mountain you are mighty Himalaya;
I am trembling under lashing gold snow;
I am sick of shedding rubies from eyes;
I cannot withstand this pearly fall.

Thou art detached cupbearer wearing garlands of skulls;
Intoxicate me with God-intoxicants;
I cannot withstand this pearly fall.

Short concluding Narrative Tracts

The supplicatory lyric of king Heemal delights Lord Vishnu very greatly;
He is Keshav, Damoodar, Vishamber and Maadhav;
All people attribute the gracious fulfillment of their desires,
To the abundant grace of the kind lord;
Soon Narada strums his melodious sitar,
To arrest the attention of Lord Shiva;
Calling aloud the innocent lord with lotus feet,
He seeks abundant grace of the saint of all saints.

Vishveswar starts stepping forward carrying Vishambar in his arms;
He is showered upon scoopfuls of basil leaves;
The detached Vishnu progresses forward carrying innocent Shiva;
They are showered upon bael and maadal from lofty windows;
Here Hara changes into Hari and 'Keshav' into Shiv;
And Narayana appears in non-dualist from.

APPENDIX

Some of

Krishnajoo Razdan's poems

explained

and

eritically evaluated

by

Prof. K.L. Moza

1. Devotional Poetry As Exquisite Verbal Painting

2. Razdan Sahib's Puranic Picture Gallery

3. Achhe Posh Gav Lachhi Novuy Heth

1. Devotional Poetry As Exquisite Verbal Painting

There are numerous passages in *Shiva Parinayah* where Pt. Krishnajoo Razdan stands out as exquisite verbal painter of the Kashmiri Hindu social ethos of his times. Instead of hurrying through such narrative segments we observe him luxuriating in deliberate verbal strokes for conjuring up some captivating aspects of the nineteenth century Kashmiri Hindu life. Actuated by infinite patience and wonderful artistic discipline, the immortal bard's creative effort illustrates his consummate artistic detachment and high objectivity. In this respect he stands uniquely apart from all other devotional poets in Kashmiri literature. Krishnajoo Razdan as a verbal painter is a topic of vast critical scope. Here I consider only two pieces from the immortal bard's *Shiva Parinayah* for illustrating the scintillating feature of his great poetry.

In *Daya Gon Gyav Pyath Tumbaknare* Pt. Krishnajoo Razdan celebrates the *maanzi raath* of Girija, the divine consort of Lord Shiva. The poet wonderfully conjures up the atmosphere of a contemporary Kashmiri Hindu household on such a festive occasion. The guests in the magnificent hall designed and erected by King Himal (Himalaya) for the matrimonial celebrations are crowded around the cauldron containing henna and they are singing the praise of the Lord to the tune of *tumbaknaaer*. The assembled guests have been singing throughout the night to the great appreciation of the Lord who is himself both Shiva and Keshava. They have been enjoying nectar trickling down from the heavens. They have sung away the night and the sun has made his presence felt. The shower of bliss sent by spangled Siriya Deo has made flowers to bloom in floral tufts. The poet here beautifully portrays a Kashmniri *maanzi raath* gradually yielding place to twilight dawn. The cauldron containing henna is meticulously garnished with gold. All the assembled guests sitting around it have applied henna to their hands and feet singing the praises of Ishaan to the melody of the percussion instrument. There are jubilations and celebrations everywhere and goddess Divath has brought good fortune in abundance. The night of maaenz has come after jostling away numerous nights in succession. Jyotirup Shiva renders bringing of Laayyi Boi and Ganga Vyas imperative and every object around gets covered by Shiba's sacred ashes. On this festive occasion, goddess Barkat has come laden with an inexhaustible treasure of bounties. Goddess Siddeth entering the portals sits at the window. She listens to the praises of the Lord sung to the beats of the *tumbaknaaeri*. The bride Parvati, whom Pt. Krishnajoo Razdan calls also Vaak Devi, the goddess of the primeval sound,

is embellished by goddess Shards for the matrimonial occasion. Goddess Sidda Laxmi binds her hyacinth hair into charming plaits.

In *Daya Gon Gyav Pyath Tumbaknare,Poshi Nool* (golden oriole) symbolizes human consciousness and *Vana Haaer* (starling0 is the body. Razdan Sahib obviously desires that human consciousness should subordinate the instrument of body to singing perpetually the praises of the Lord. This ideal was preached long ago by the great Greek philosopher Socrates. In recent India, saint Razdan and Mahatma Gandhi strove assiduously for the realization of this ideal. In *Daya Gon Gyav Pyath Tumbaknare,* Pt Krishnajoo Razdancatalogues Divath, GAnga Vyas, Laayi Boi, Barkat and Siddeth, the typical characters from Kashmiri Hindu pantheon, alongside with the pan-Hindu beneficient goddesses like Vakh Devi and Sidda Laxmi.

In *Samivoo lukav Sona Shin Vaalav*, Pt Krishnajoo Razdan attempts a painting of Kashmiri landscape under a chaste immaculate sheet of snowy alabaster. The poet wonderfully captures the stir and commotion which a heavy snowfall inevitably ushers into the heavenly vale. As Lord Ishaan accompanied by horrible creatures constituting his matrimonial procession is asked by Girija's relations to produce ornaments for bedecking the bride, he brings down from heaven filigree flakes of gold. At this point of narration Razdan Sahib luxuriates in the verbal painting of Kashmir landscape laced by thickly falling filigree flakes of snow. Kashmiri Hindu populace crowds wooden roofs covered with birch-back sheets and thick layers of clay for pushing down massy loads of scintillating pearls and golden snow. The crumbling down of thatched cottages under the heavy load is universally feared. The hillocks of snow in courtyards obliterate the view of the mountains beyond and touch the windows of slumberous apartments. The impecunious inhabitants of the terrestrial globe shake off their impecunity for good. They find it difficult to garner the massy wealth in blankets and other containers; they fear the towering of their paths above the roofy turrets; they propose repairs of barns and garners for storing the precious wealth; the streets and alleys become bleak as shopkeepers rush away to their homes after shuttering close their shops. Indra informs the supplicating relations of Parvati that their cries are bound to be futile unless Lord Shiva himself sweeps the glossy firmament off the pearly rich pregnant clouds. At the conclusion of poetic artifact saint-poet Razdan reaffirms his conviction that Shiva is realizable only through an unguarded plunge into the *mysterium tremendrum* constantly dogging human existence.

Evaluating poetry mainly on the basis of the profundity of the communicated philosophical thought and experience is a medieval malady, which continues pestering literary critics even today. The eulogizing frenzy persistently generated by Lalleshwari is a manifestation of the same atavistic critical predilection. It is due to the same reason that numerous scholars have miserably failed to appreciate the beauty of the poetic artifacts where saint-poet Razdan, adopting the Shiv Mahapurana as scaffolding luxuriates in the painting of Kashmir landscape and Kashmiri Hindu life. In medieval times poetry was a handmaiden of philosophy. We observe a persistent recurrence of this phenomenon down the centuries. Pt Krishnajoo Razdan deserves being highly credited for his mature artistic efforts to disentangle poetry from philosophy. Most of his poetic compositions transparently objectify his deep conviction that the principal concern of literature should be to portray and not to preach.

2. Razdan Sahib's Puranic Picture Gallery

Krishnajoo Razdan's *"Maharaja Mahadevun Che Chhui Saal"* is a superb Puranic picture gallery. In this devotional lyric cosmos is the studio-cum-exhibition hall, Lord Vishnu is the model and Krishnajoo Razdan, igcognito as Narada is the inspired literary painter. The bard's devout imagination, telescoping Lord Vishnu's variegated associated exploits, objectified them on literary canvas. Like the impressionistic painters, Krishnajoo paints diverse fleeting associations conjured up by his unique model. Each quatrain in the lyric is a picture-frame exhibiting two or more pictures. Here the model remains unaltered but there are constant changes in the perspective.

Narada, journeying through the vast cosmic expanses, informs Lord Vishnu about developments in the celestial regions. He invites Lord Vishnu to Lord Mahadeva's marriage. Krishna Joo Razdan, incognite as Narada, paints ingratiating memories associted with his unique model. In the incarnation as Lord Rama, Lord Vishnu showers bounteous love upon Mother Sita. By quickening up the associated memories of the readers, Krishna Joo conjures up the picture of Lord Rama and Mother Sita enjoying perfect conjugal bliss.

Radha-Krishna Deep Love

He juxtaposes with it a picture depicting deep love between Lord Krishna and Mother Radha. In the same frame he fits in the portrait of Lord Krishna lifting the Goverdhan mountain to protect the cows, cowherds and calves against the torrential rain sent by jealous Lord Indira to lash the Gokul landscape. Next Krishna Joo paints Lord Krishna enjoying butter offered with love by Ma Jessuda. He conjures up infant Krishna with butter-besmeared mouth and face playing pranks about Jessuda. Alongside with this picture is placed the picture of Kubza whose hunch is set right as she unhestitatingly applies sandal paste to Lord Krishna's forehead meant especially for Kans, the king of Mathura. This is followed by a suggestive painting of Sudama offering Lord Krishna rice chaff to eat.

Shrimad Bhagwatam mentions that Sudama was one of the dearest boyhood friends of Lord Krishna. One cold rainy evening he was munching some grains. On enquiry he attributed chattering of his teeth to intense cold. This false statement subjected him to perpetual penury in his later life. Once he is directed by his wife, Sushila, to seek help of his boyhood friend who is now the king of Dwarika. In the royal place, Sudama is received very warmly. Lord Krishna himself washes clean his tired feet. Sudama has

brought for Lord Krishna some chaffy rice. The Lord enjoys a handful of the offering of love. He is prevented from enjoying more by Rukmini. She fears that the kind Lord will bestow everything upon Sudama rendering his own person and family impecunious. This incident too is the content of a picture in Razdan Sahib's picture gallery.

Bhagwatam & Ramayana Juxtaposed

Sugreve, the king of Kishkindha, is driven out of his capital city by his unrighteous brother Bali. Along with his faithful lieutenants, he retires to a hilly eminence where Bali is destined to die under a curse pronounced by a sage. Lord Rughvir befriends Sugreve and, after killing lascivious Bali, he places upon his head the crown of Kishkindha. Vibhishana, deserting the camp of his demoniacal brother Ravana, joins Lord Rughvir in Kishkindha. He is enthroned in exile as the king of Lanka. Bali Dhaanav, the demon king, is bestowed the underworld for his generosity. These three Puranic episodes are held by a single picture-frame forming the fourth quatrain of the poem. Feeling envious of the tremendous popularity of Lord Krishna, Lord Brahma, the god with three heads, hides away all his calves and cowherd companiuns in a cave. Lord Krishna creates all the stolen creatures himself. This abashes Brahma. Lord Krishna forgives Brahma's insolence. Krishna Joo paints this episode without going too deep into its ontological implications. He feels ecstatic while painting Lord Krishna dancing with the gopis. Devki, the dear sister of Kansa, is married to the Yadhava prince Vaasudev. When the newly wedded couple are driven towards Vasudev's country, the elements predict Kansa's death at the hands of Devki's offspring. Thereupon, Kansa imprisons Devki and her husband. He assassinates Devki's six babies in succession and Lord Krishna, the seventh, is spared by divine intercession. As Lord Krishna grows up, he kills Kansa for the restoration of moral order. Leaving his foster mother, Yashodha, in Gokul, he comes to Mathura. At the request of Devki, he brings to life the six children which she has lost. These children later become Gandharvas. This Puranic episode forms the sixth picture-frame in Razdan Sahib's picture gallery.

On the completion of his education at Sandipini's hermitage, the guru asks his illustrious disciple to bring to life his son drowned in a naval tragedy. Lord Krishna jumps into the sea and retrieves alive the son of his guru. Krishna Joo paints this episode in the seventh and the eight quatrains which run into each other In shrimad Bhagvatam there is mention of Shankhasur. This demon unleashes terror and unrighteousness all around. When pursued by superior righteous strength, he hides himself in the vast conch shell which forms his abode. Lord Krishna jumps into the sea and challenges to a battle

the demon who has been perpetrating horrible atrocities upon the devout. Shankhasur is killed and his conch shell, called Panch Janya, becomes a coveted possession of the yaadavas. This episode too is the content of one of the pictures lightly sketched by Krishnajoo.

Spirituality in Devotion

As the Pandavas are befriended by Lord Krishna during their exile, they recognize the essential divinity of their kinsman. They start supplicating before him in deep devotion. This is resented by a contemporary prince, Shishupal, who regards Krishna nothing better than a common cowherd. Shishupal nourishes grudge against Krishna also for eloping away with his sister Rukmini, Lord Krishna, the merciful, forgives Shishupal's impertinence a number of times. He cuts off Shishupal's head with his rotating disc (Sudharshan Chakra) as the latter persists in pouring forth abusive language. This episode too forms one of the painted canvases in Krishnajoo's vast picture gallery.

With his carnal passions perfectly under control, Lord Krishna dallies with 16108 ladies and maidens. Razdan Sahib paints this fact with light verbal strokes. Lord Krishna's separate dalliance with each gopi is an objectification of the essential oneness of God. Lord Krishna sows rubies from a string which, first changing the sapling, develop into sizeable trees bearing rubies on boughs and branches. Collecting these rubis the messenger from Radhika grows quite rich. In this picture-frame, Razdan Sahib also includes the spectacle of a pearly shower sent by Lord Shiva to lash the Kashmir landscape. At the end of the frieze, Razdan Sahib juxtaposes the portraits of Lord Vishnu and Lord Mahesh with their divine consorts Laxmi and Gauri.

Razdan's Perpetual Struggle

Spiritual progress enjoins an arduous effort. Spiritual bliss and enlightenment are realizable only through constant meditation and assiduous observance of high psycho-physical discipline. This is manifest from Krishna Joo Razdan's all devotional lyrics. We observe him as a seeker constantly seeking to realize Brahman. Sometimes, he is a dualist with an impersonal concept of God. Soon he becomes a dualist with a personal concept of God. Again he feels that Advaita Vedantic monism is the highest truth. The bard's imagination, surcharged with devotional ecstasy, keeps shifting constantly from one point of view to the other. He is obviously living the experiences which he is communicating through his devotional lyrics. Being a true devotee of God, he feels divine contemplation an existential indispensability. He is painfully conscious about the dwindling numbers of Kashmiri Pandit

community. He fears its complete extirpation due to the prevalence of numerous social evils.

Razdan Sahib is proud of Kashmiri language which is the principal medium of his poetic expression. He regards it dearest to the Mother Goddess. He is convinced that salvation for Kashmiris is attainable only by singing praises of the Mother Goddess in Kashmiri language. Razdan Sahib's poetry objectifies his perpetual struggle for comprehending the mysterium tremendum enveloping man all around.

Subjective Idealism

Idealism is the school of philosophy which regards God or Brahman as the ultimate reality. This Philosophy is the bed-rock of all religions of the world. Some philosophers believe that man and God are essentially one. God is attainable by directing sense perceptions inwards towards the self. This is the cardinal viewpoint of subjective idealists. Essential Brahminism too is subjective idealism. There are other idealists who, recognizing the existence of God, consider Him an entity separate from man. For them, God directs the course of nature. He is an entity outside man. Man is answerable for his actions to God on the day of resurrection. This type of idealism is called objective idealism. It is the main philosophic content of the religions like Islam and Christianity.

In some of his lyrics, we observe Razdan Sahib marshalling the basic postulates of objective idealism. There are others in which subjective idealism is the poet's predominant philosophical preoccupation. He discerns greater rectitude in the subjective philosophical postulates. In one of his poems, he advocates observance of Islamic practices for the enjoyment of spiritual bliss. Razdan Sahib's lyrics objectify the great bard's patient perpetual struggle for comprehending the mystery of existence. He perpetually investigates the validity of polytheistic and monistic religious concepts. He is sometimes a polytheist objectifying his devotion separately for Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh. In such moods, Rama and Krishna are two different incarnations. But at the same time, he regards all the principal gods of Hindu pantheon a single entity. God appears to him permeating every cosmic object around. In the concluding couplets of Maharaja Mahadevun Che Chuui Saal, he reveals his belief in the essential monistic nature of God. He longs for the realization of the eternal truth of advaita vedantic monism and desires to realize his essential oneness

3. Achhe Posh Gav Lachhi Novuy Heth

Achhe Posh gav Lachhi Novuy Heth is a superb devotional lyriuc in Pt. Krishnajoo Razdan's *Shiva Parinayah.* Here the immortal kashmiri bard rapturously celebrates Uma's union with Chandrachud. The flowery metophers illustrate the saint-poet's deep devotion for Lord Shiva and his Divine Consort, Shakti. The fragrant lyric scintillates numerous flowery hues and tinges. The poetic artifact reveals unique sensitivity of the great devotional poet's visual and olfactory perceptions. Into the flowery fabric Razdan Sahib entwines some eternal idealistic verities. The lyric, as a whole, reflects the unique sanctity of Kashmiri Hindu wedlock. The predominant mood objectified is devotional repute and ecstasy.

Shiva Parinayah is transcreation of Shiva Mahapuran. This devotional literary work opens with the saint-poet's invocation of Lord Ganapati to bless him with the talent for narrating the story of Shiva's union with Shakti. According to the poet, Lord Ganesha, the Onkar-shaped omnipresent god, is the bestower of all kinds of boons. A habitual contemplation of his divine form, dispelling impediments, blesses a devotee with the kinds of successes. Wearing pearly necklaces, he commands Lord Shiva's Rudra legions; he is the vanquisher of Lord Indra and Lord Vishnu, the god with a trunk and a single tusk is the dear son of Shiva and Shakti; he is invited before all gods to bless sacrificial fires, he is the principal attendant of Adi Shakti; the god with four arms, wears red garments and holds his court at Ganpatyar; he carried his four weapons in his four hands for the destruction of demons and maleficent giants.

Pt. Razdan Joo prays to Lord Ganapati to destroy our ignorance with his single tusk which he uses as a stylus and to destroy our'sins and wrath with his axe and other weapons. Lord Ganesha, the infallible dispenser of justice, is worshipped at all holy places before his elder brother, Kumar Kartikeya. This invocation, replete with rich mythological allusions, has been an important item in the devotional repertoire of all Kashmir Hindus for the last several decades.

The invocation of Lord Ganapati is followed by thanksgiving to Sad Guru. For Razdan Sahib, Sad Guru is none other than Lord Shiva himself. He prays for the nectar of bliss and light amidst enveloping gloom. He longs for the realisation of Shiva amidst the trammels of the illusory cosmos. Through the exercise of temperance, he desires liberation from the shackles of lust, wrath, avarice, pride and possessiveness. The practice of evil deeds

has obliterated from the poet's vision, co~itenmenl, thoughtfulness, dharma and divine contemplation. He earnesly desires being ranked amongst saints who attained shivahood through intense sadlma.

Pt. Krishna Joo believes that spiritual bliss is realizable through the exercise of Yogic discipline.

He longs for the revelation of the truths enshrined in the Upanishads. He craves for the attainment of Brahmanand. He is conscious of the fact that contemplative concentration is realizable through rigid Yogic discipline through which he seeks divine grace for the purification of his mind and soul. He prays for Lord Shiva's grace in directing his sense perceptions of the eternal truth of Advaita Vedantic monism. The poet is perpetually conscious about the essential divinity of man.

After the invocation of Lord Ganesha and thanks giving to Lord Shiva, the saint-poetnarrates the story of creation as enshrined in Vishnu Puran. According to hirn, Onkar is a symbolic representation of Lord Shiva from whom' illusory cosmos has originated. Cosmic illusion gave birth to Lord Vishnu, Who created Lord Brahma. The entire universe and all life were created by Brahma's will. Brahma created Dakhshiprajapati whom he tutored in all kinds of wordly affairs. DakUshipr.ljapati whom Razdan Sahib calls Brahamrishi, a venerable Taporishi and the king of the gods, begot a large number ot' daughters, one of whom was Uma. The poet considers such a parent, who begets a daughter like Uma, blessed by Lord Shiva Himself. Urna is given away in marriage to ash-besmeared Shiva who is the master of the cosmos. Dakhshiprajapati gives away the remaining 27 daughters in marriage to Chandrama and invites all his relations and friends to participate in these matrimonial festivities.

At this stage of narration, Pt. Razdan Joo ceases to be an omniscient narrator. He sketches lightly the tedium of straight and horizontal narration. His Dakhshiprajapati is a typical Kashmiri Hindu deeply steeped in devotion. He is enjoying a beatific experience because Shiv Nath has become his intimate relation incognito as Dakhshiprajapati. Razdan Sahib feels his being blossoming like a lotus. The mendicant friar, with the Ganga flowing down his hair, has married his daughter. He decides to feed him with boiled rice, butter-milk and sugar-candy. He is convinced that the mystery surrounding Shiva is impenetrable. Shiva's camphor-frame exudes poignant aroma. He is Himself Brahma, Vishnu and the Supreme Being, an ocean of knowledge and the mystery of Onkara. It is through the non-dualist attitude alone that He can be realized. Throughout *Shiva Parinayah* , we observe narrative omniscience beautifully punctuated by dramatized narration.

Pt. Krishna Joo Razdan celebrates the union of Shiva and Shakti in his Achhe Posh Gav Lachhi Novuy Heth. This lyric is one of the most superb achievements in

Kashmiri language. Here Shiva is Chandrachud appearing in dark fortnight and Uma is Param Shakti; here Shiva is Lachhinov and Uma is Achhe Posh. With the union of Shiva and Shakti, spring stalks the earth afresh and the cosmos blossoms like a lotus. Here the immortal bard luxuriates in cataloguing flowers. Among the Kashmiri saint-poets, none has made a comparable brilliant use of this technique for the objectification of his devotion. He resorts to a superb metaphorical use of flowers. Uma is Arni Posh and she is carried away by Shiv Ji who is Neov. Like a typical Kashmiri Hindu bridegroom, Shiva is greatly respectful towards Uma's parents. He carries away Uma after seeking the blessings of her parents. Shiva is Gloab; he is Sombul. Uma is Aarwal; she is Yemberzal. Razdan Sahib constantly enjoys the vision of Uma-Rudra. He supplicates before Lord Shiva for a boon of spiritual bliss. In spite of being a master of fabulous treasures, Shiva enjoys being clad sparsely. These persons need no ornaments upon whom the Creator of the universe showers His own bounteous benedictions. Being free from avarice, the material wealth has absolutely no significance for Shiva. He is the creaser of both Brahma and Vishnu.

Razdan Sahib is convinced that spiritual progress is realizable only through regular Yogic exercises. The number of such exercises is very vast but an aspirant needs to practice only a few of them. Achhe Posh Gav Lahhi Novuy Heth is an inspired lyric which cascades forward like the waters of a mountain fill. It exudes the aroma of flowery vernal Kashmir landscape. He imparts superb pictorial touches to the short poetic artifact. The poet's love for Shiva rises to the level of God-intoxication. His Shiv Ji is a cliff supporting the crescent moon, he is vernal Neov; he is Golab, and he is Symbul. For him Uma is Param Shakti, she is an Achhe Posher she is Arni Posher she is Aarwal and she is Yamberzal. All these flowery metaphors conjure up before readers the celestial couple - Lord Shiva and his divine consort Gauri. Lord Shiva is the creator of the cosmos; He is the bestower of respectability; being free from greed and avarice, material riches have absolutely no significance for him. He supplicates before Lord Shiva for spiritual enlightenment, leading to the attainment of salvation. Through a figurative use of Kashmir, he objectifies his intense love for God.

Just as there are physical phenomena, in the same manner there are mental phenomena. Both these types of phenomena are apodeictic realities. It is erroneous to extol one set of phenomena at the cost of the denigration

of the other. Rational living consists of a simultaneous recognition of the importance of both these types of phenomena. With the modem man's ever-increasing interest in physical phenomena, we are likely to overlook its importance. This is the tragedy of modem civilization. For rejuvenating our springs of bliss, we will have to cultivate afresh the desire for enjoying it. Just as reading about philosophy can never be a substitute for reading philosophy, in the same manner, reading about philosophy can never be a substitute for reading poetry. Great devotional bards like Pt. Krishn Joo Razdan can be best appreciated only through first-hand experience.



Prof K.L.Moza

Born in 1939: his critical evaluations of Kashmir literary works published in numerous journals and magazines: several translations of Kashmiri prose and poetry published by Sahitya Akademi; retired as a professor of English from Gandhi Memorial College, Raipur, Jammu; taught English to undergraduate and postgraduate classes in the Srinagar campus of Gandhi Memorial College; presently engaged in critical appraisal of Kashmiri Hindu literary luminaries.

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